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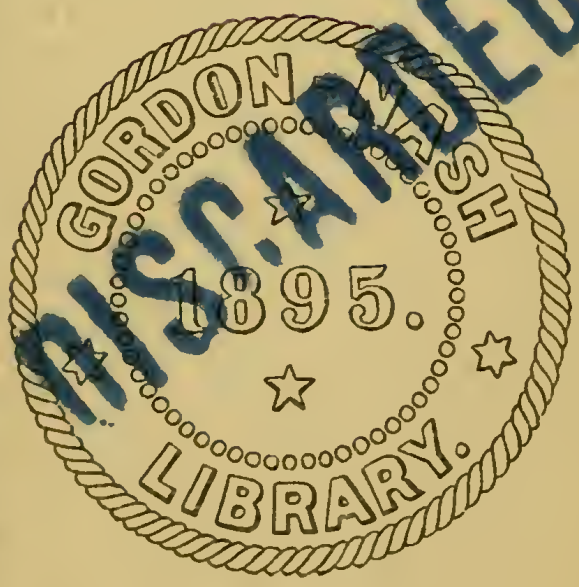

MIRTH AND SONG:

CONSISTING OF A

Lecture on Heads,

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS, Esq.

AND

THE COURTSHIP,

WITH A COLLECTION OF

APPROVED SONGS.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY E. LINCOLN,
FOR JOHN WHITING, OF LANCASTER.

1804.

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MIRTH AND SONG.

LECTURE ON HEADS.

EVERY ſingle Speaker, who, like me, attempts to entertain an Audience, has not only the cenſure of that aſſembly to dread, but alſo every part of his own behaviour to fear. The ſmalleſt error of voice, judgment, or delivery, will be noted: "All that can be preſumed upon in his favour is *a hope*—that he may meet with that indulgence, which an Engliſh audience are ſo remarkable *for*, and that every exhibition ſtands ſo much in need *of*."

THIS method of lecturing is a very ancient cuſtom; *Juno*, the wife of *Jupiter*, being the firſt who gave her huſband a lecture, and, from the place wherein that oration was ſuppoſed to have been delivered, they have always ſince that time been called *curtain lectures*.

But before I pretend to make free with other people's heads, it may be proper to ſay ſomething upon my own, if upon my own any thing could be ſaid to the purpoſe: but, after many experiments, finding I could not make any thing of

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my own, I have taken the liberty to try what I could do, by exhibiting a Collection of Heads belonging to other people. But here is a Head [*ſhows Stevens' Head*] I confeſs I have more than once wiſhed on my own ſhoulders; but I fear my poor abilities will bring a bluſh in its cheeks. In this head *Genius* erected a temple to Originality, where *Fancy* and *Obſervation* reſided; and from their union ſprang this numerous and whimſical progeny. This is the Head of George Alexander Stevens, long known and long reſpected, a man univerſally acknowledged of infinite wit and moſt excellent fancy; one who gave peculiar grace to the jeſt, and could ſet the table on a roar with flaſhes of merriment; but wit and humour were not his only excellencies; he poſſeſſed a keenneſs of ſatire, that made folly hide her head in the higheſt places, and vice tremble in the boſoms of the great: but now, bleſſed with that affluence which Genius and Prudence are ſure to acquire in England, the liberal patroneſs of the fine arts, he now enjoys that eaſe his talents have earned, whilſt *Fame*, like an evening ſun, gilds the winter of his life with mild, but cheerful beams. With reſpect, but honeſt ambition, I have undertaken to fill his place, and hope my attention and zeal to pleaſe, will ſpeak in behalf of conſcious inferiority.

A HEAD, to ſpeak in the gardener's ſtyle, is a mere bulbous excreſcence, growing out from between the ſhoulders like a wen; it is ſuppoſed to be a mere expletive, juſt to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, to take ſnuff with, or have your hair dreſſed upon.

Some of theſe heads are manufactured in *wood*, ſome in *paſte-board*, which is a hint to ſhow there may not only be *block-heads*, but alſo *paper ſkulls*.

Phyſicians acquaint us that, upon any fright or alarm, the ſpirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood ruſhes violently back to the *heart*. Hence it is, politicians compare the human conſtitution, and the nation's conſtitution, together; they ſuppoſing the head to be the *court* end of the town, and the heart the *country*; for people in the country ſeem to be taking things to heart, and people at court only ſeem to wiſh to be at the head of things.

We make a mighty buſtle about the twenty-four letters; how many changes they can ring, and how many volumes they have compoſed; yet, let us look upon the many millions of mankind, and ſee if any two faces are alike. Nature never deſigned ſeveral faces which we ſee, it is the odd exerciſe they give the muſcles belonging to their viſages occaſions ſuch looks: As for example; we meet in the ſtreets with ſeveral people talking to themſelves, and ſeem much pleaſed with ſuch ſelf-converſation [*here take them off.*] Some people we ſee ſtaring at every thing, and wondering with a fooliſh face of praiſe [*make a face here*]; ſome laughing, ſome crying: now, crying and laughing are contrary effects, the leaſt alteration of features occaſions the difference, it is turning *up* the muſcles to laugh, [*do ſo here*] and *down* to cry.

Yet laughter is much miſtook, no perſon being capable of laughing, who is incapable of thinking. For ſome people ſuddenly break out into violent ſpaſms, ha, ha, ha! and then, without any grada-

tion, change at once into downright ſtupidity ; as for example, [*here ſhow the example.*]

In ſpeaking about faces, we ſhall now exhibit a bold face. [*Shows the head.*]

This is Sir Whiſkey Whiffle ; he is one of thoſe mincing, tittering, tip-toe, tripping animalculæ of the times, that flutter about fine women like flies in a flower-garden, as harmleſs, and as conſtant, as their ſhadows ; they dangle by the ſide of beauty, like part of their watch equipage, as glittering, as light, and as uſeleſs. And the ladies ſuffer ſuch things about them, as they wear ſouffleé gauze, not as things of value, but merely to make a ſhow with ; they never ſay any thing to the purpoſe, but with this in their hands [*take up an eye glaſs,*] they ſtare at ladies, as if they were a jury of aſtronomers, executing a writ of inquiry upon ſome beautiful planet : they imagine themſelves poſſeſſed of the power of a rattle-ſnake, who can, as it is ſaid, faſcinate by a look ; and that every fine woman muſt, at firſt ſight, fall into their arms.—" Ha ! who's that, Jack ? She's a very fine woman ; 'pon honour, an immenſely lovely creature ; who is ſhe ? She muſt be one of us ; ſhe muſt be come atable, 'pon honour." " No, Sir," replies a ſtranger, that overheard him, " ſhe's a lady of ſtrict virtue—" " Is ſhe ſo ? I'll look at her again : ay, ay, ſhe may be a lady of ſtrict virtue, for now I look at her again, there is ſomething very ungenteel about her."

WIGS, as well as *books*, are furniture for the head, and both *wigs* and *books* are ſometimes equally voluminous. We may therefore ſuppoſe this wig [*ſhows a large Wig*] to be a huge quarto

in large paper; this a duodecimo in ſmall print [*takes the knowing head*], and this a jockey's head ſweated down to ride a ſweep-ſtakes. [*Takes the Jockey's head).* Now a jockey's head and a horſe's head have great affinity, for the jockey's head can pull the horſe's head on which ſide of the poſt the rider pleaſes: but what ſort of heads muſt thoſe people have, who know ſuch things are done, and will truſt ſuch ſinking funds with their capitals? Theſe are a couple of heads, which in the ſportſman's Calendar are called a brace of knowing ones, and as a great many people about London affect to be thought knowing ones, they dreſs themſelves in theſe faſhions, as if it could add to the dignity of a head, to ſhow they have taken their degrees from Students in the ſtable, up to the Maſters of Arts upon a coach-box. [*Gives the two heads off, and takes the book-caſe.*]

The phraſe of Wooden heads is no longer paradoxical, ſome people fit up wooden ſtudies, Cabinet-makers become book-makers, and a man may ſhow a parade of much reading, by only the aſſiſtance of a timber-merchant: a ſtudent in the temple may be furniſhed with a collection of law books cut from a *whipping-poſt;* Phyſical Dictionaries may be had in *Jeſuit's bark;* a Treatiſe on Duels in *touch-wood;* the Hiſtory of Oppoſition in *worm-wood;* Shakeſpeare's works in *cedar,* his commentators in *rotten-wood;* the reviewers in *birch,* and the hiſtory of England in *heart of oak.*

Mankind now make uſe of ſubſtitutes in more things than book-making and militia men: ſome huſbands are apt to ſubſtitute inferior women to

their own ladies, like the idiot, who exchanged a brilliant for a piece of broken looking-glaſs :— of ſuch huſbands we can only ſay, they have borrowed their education from theſe libraries, and have very wooden, very wooden taſtes indeed. [*Gives it off.*]

Here's a head full charged for fun, [*takes the head*] a comical half fooliſh face, what a great many upon the ſtage can put on, and what a great many people, not upon the ſtage, can't put off. This man always laughed at what he ſaid himſelf, and he imagined a man of wit muſt always be upon the broad grin ; and whenever he was in company he was always teazing ſome one to be merry, ſaying, *Now you Maſter what do you call'em ? do now ſay ſomething to make us all laugh ; come do now be comical a little.* But if there is no other perſon will ſpeak, he will threaten to *tell you a ſtory to make you die with laughing*, and he will aſſure you, *it is the moſt beſteſt and moſt comicalleſt ſtory that ever you heard in all your born days ;* and he always interlards his narration with, *ſo as I was a ſaying, ſays I, and ſo as* he *was a ſaying, ſays* he ; *ſo ſays* he *to me, and I to him, and he to me again,—— did you ever hear any thing more comical in all your born days ?* But after he had concluded his narration, not finding any perſon even to ſmile at what he ſaid, ſtruck with the diſappointment, he puts on a ſad face himſelf, and looking round upon the company, he ſays, *It was a good ſtory when I heard it too : why then, ſo, and ſo, and ſo, that's all, that's all, gentlemen.* [Puts on a fooliſh look, and gives the head off.]

Here is Maſter Jacky, [*takes the head*] Mamma's darling ; when ſhe was with-child of him

ſhe dreamt ſhe was brought to bed of a pincuſhion. He was never ſuffered to look into a book for fear of making him round-ſhouldered, yet he was an immenſe ſcholar for all that; his mamma's woman had taught him all Hoyle by heart, and he could calculate to a ſingle tea-ſpoonful how much cream ſhould be put into a codlin tart.—He wears a piece of lace which ſeems purloined from a lady's tucker, and placed here, to ſhow that ſuch beings as theſe can make no other uſe of ladies' favours than to expoſe them. Horace had certainly ſuch a character in view by his *dulciſſime rerum?* ſweeteſt of all things, all eſſence and effeminacy; and that line of his—*Quid agis, dulciſſimæ rerum?* may be rendered, what ails you, Maſter Jacky? As they have rivalled the ladies in the delicacy of their complexion, the ladies therefore have a right to make repriſals, and to take up that manlineſs which our ſex ſeems to have caſt off.

Here is a lady in her faſhionable uniform [*takes up the head*]; ſhe looks as if marching at the head of a battalion, or elſe up before day to follow the hounds with ſpirit; while this lies in bed all the morning, with his hands wrapped up in chicken gloves, his complexion covered with milk of roſes, eſſence of May-dew, and lily of the valley water: This does honour to creation; this diſgraces it: and ſo far have theſe things femalized themſelves, by effeminate affectations, that if a lady's cap was put upon this head, Maſter Jacky might be taken for Miſs Jenny [*puts on a lady's cap on the head of Maſter Jacky*]; therefore grammarians can neither rank them as *maſculine* or *feminine*, ſo ſet them down of the doubtful gender. [*Puts off the heads.*]

Among the multitude of odd characters with which this kingdom abounds, ſome are called generous fellows, ſome honeſt fellows, and ſome clever fellows: Now the generous fellow is treat-maſter; the honeſt fellow, is toaſt-maſter; and the clever fellow is ſinging-maſter, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; then your honeſt fellow is to drink them all dead afterwards. They married into folly's family, from whom they received this creſt, and which nobody chooſes to be known by. [*takes the fool's cap.*] This fool's cap is the greateſt wanderer known; it never comes home to any body, it is often obſerved to belong to every body but themſelves. It is odd, but the word nobody, and the term nothing, although no certain ideas can be affixed to them, are often made ſuch uſe of in converſation. Philoſophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing; for, from ten to twenty we go to ſchool to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are apt to forget; from thirty to forty we begin to ſettle; from forty to fifty we think away as faſt as we can; from fifty to ſixty we are very careful in our accounts; and from ſixty to ſeventy we caſt up what all our thinking comes to, and then what between our loſſes and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but ſtrike this balance [*takes the board with cyphers*]: Theſe are a number of nothings, they are hieroglyphics of part of human kind; for in life, as well as in arithmetic, there are a number of nothings, which, like theſe cyphers, mean nothing in themſelves, and are totally inſignificant; but by the addition of a ſin-

gle figure at their head, they aſſume rank and value in an inſtant. The meaning of which is, that nothing may be turned into ſomething by the ſingle power of any one who is lord of a golden manor—[*turns the board, ſhows the golden one.*] But as theſe perſons' gains come from nothing, we may ſuppoſe they will come to nothing; and happy are they, who, amidſt the variations of nothing, have nothing to fear; if they have nothing to loſe, they have nothing to lament; and if they have nothing to be aſhamed of, they have every thing to hope for: thus concludes the diſſertation upon nothing, which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed, by making nothing of it.

This is the head of a London blood, taken from the life: [*holds the head up*]—He wears a bull's forehead for a fore-top, in commemoration of that great blood of antiquity, called Jupiter, who turned himſelf into a bull to run away with *Europa*, and to this day bloods are very fond of making beaſts of themſelves.—He imagined that all mirth conſiſted in doing miſchief, therefore he would throw a waiter out of the window, and bid him to be put into the reckoning, toſs a beggar in a blanket, play at chuck with china plates, run his head againſt a wall, hop upon one leg for an hour together, carry a red hot poker round the room between his teeth, and ſay, "done firſt for fifty." He was quite the thing, either for kicking up a riot, or keeping it up after he had kicked it up: he was quite the thing, for one day he kicked an old woman's codlin-kettle about the ſtreets; another time he ſhoved a blind horſe into a china ſhop—*that was jolly;* he was a conſtant cuſtomer to the round houſe; a terror to modeſt women,

and a dupe to women of the town: of which this is exhibited as a portrait [*takes the head.*] This is a head of a man of the town or a blood, and this is a woman of the town, or a——, but whatever other title the lady may have we are not entitled to take notice of it; all that we can ſay is, that we beg *mirth* will ſpare one moment to *pity*, let not delicacy be offended if we pay a ſhort tribute of compaſſion to theſe unhappy examples of miſconduct; indeed in the gay ſeaſons of irregular feſtivity, indiſcretion appears thus—[*takes off that and ſhows the other*]: but here is her certain cataſtrophe; how much therefore ought common opinion to be deſpiſed, which ſuppoſes the ſame fact, that betrays female honour, can add to that of a gentleman's? When a beauty is robbed, the hue-and-cry which is raiſed, is never raiſed in her favour; deceived by ingratitude, neceſſity forces her to continue criminal, ſhe is ruined by our ſex, and prevented reformation by the reproaches of her own—[*takes it off.*] As this is the head of a blood going to keep it up [*takes it off,*] here is the head of a blood after he has kept it up—[*ſhows that head.*] This is the head of a married blood —what a pretty piece of additional furniture this is to a lady of delicacy's bed-chamber! What then? it's beneath a man of ſpirit with a bumper in his hand to think of a wife, that would be ſpoiling his ſentiment: no, he is to keep it up, and to ſhow in what manner our London bloods do keep it up, we ſhall conclude the firſt part of this lecture by attempting a ſpecimen—[*puts on the blood's wig*]: "Keep it up, huzza! keep it up! I loves fun, for I made a fool of my father laſt April day. I will tell you what makes me

laugh ſo, we were keeping it up faith, ſo about four o'clock this morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was *Will* the waiter faſt aſleep by the kitchen fire; the dog cannot keep it up as we do: ſo what did I do, but I goes ſoftly, and takes the tongs, and I takes a red-hot cool out of the fire, as big as my head, and I plumpt it upon the fellow's foot, becauſe I loves fun; ſo it had lamed the fellow, and that makes me laugh ſo. You talk of your ſaying good things; I ſaid one of the beſt things laſt week that ever any man ſaid in all the world. It was what we call your *rappartees*, your *bobmates*.—I'll tell you what it is: You muſt know, I was in high ſpirits, faith, ſo I ſtole a dog from a blind man, for I do love fun! ſo then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; ſo ſays I to the blind man, Hip, maſter, do you want your dog? Yes, Sir, ſays he. Now, only mind what I ſaid to the blind man; ſays I, Do you want your dog? Yes, Sir, ſays he: Then ſays I to the blind man, ſays I, Go look for him.—Keep it up! keep it up!—That's the worſt of it, I always turn ſick when I think of a parſon; I always do; and my brother he is a parſon too, and he hates to hear any body ſwear; ſo I always ſwear when I am along with him, to roaſt him. I went to dine with him one day laſt week, and there was my ſiſters, and two or three more of what you call your modeſt women; but I ſent them all from the table, before the dinner was half over, for I loves fun; and ſo there was nobody but my brother and me, and I begun to ſwear; I never ſwore ſo well in my life; I ſwore all my new oaths; it

would have done you good to have heard me ſwear; ſo then my brother looked frighted, and that was fun. At laſt, he laid down his knife and fork, and lifting up his hands and his eyes, he calls out, *Oh Tempora! oh Mores*—Oh ho, brother, ſays I, what, you think to frighten me, by calling all your family about you; but I don't mind you nor your family neither—Only bring Tempora and Mores here, that's all; I'll box them for five pounds; here,—where's Tempora and Mores? where are they?—Keep it up! keep it up!"

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE SECOND PART.

THE FIVE SCIENCES;

Architecture, Painting, Poetry, Muſic, and Aſtronomy.

THIS is a ſmall exhibition of Pictures. Theſe pictures are placed here to ſhow the partiality of the preſent times; formerly ſeven cities contended for the honour of having Homer for their countryman; but as ſoon as it was known theſe ſciences were born in England, the whole club of Connoiſſeurs exclaimed againſt them, ſaying it was impoſſible that there could be any real genius among them, our atmoſphere being too thick and too heavy to nouriſh any fine ideas. Theſe ſciences, being found out to be mere Engliſh, were treated as impoſtors; for, as they had not a hand-

ſome wife, nor ſiſter, to ſpeak for them, nor one ſingle election vote in their family, nor a ſhilling in their pocket, to bribe the turn-pike door-keeper, they could not ſucceed; beſides Chineſe zig-zag, and Gothic imitations monopolized all premiums; and the envy of prejudice, and the folly of faſhion, made a party againſt them. They were ſo weak in themſelves, as to imagine the merits of their works would recommend them to the world. Poor creatures! they knew nothing of the world, to ſuppoſe ſo; for merit is the only thing in the world not recommendable. To prevent ſtarving *Architecture* hired herſelf as a bricklayer's labourer to a Chineſe temple builder; *Painting* took on as a colour-grinder to a paper-ſtainer: *Poetry* turned printer's devil; *Muſic* ſung ballads about the ſtreets, and *Aſtronomy* ſold almanacks. They rambled about in this manner for ſome time; at laſt, they picked up poor *Wit*, who lay ill of ſome bruiſes he had received one maſquerade night.

As poor *Wit* was coming down the Hay-Market, juſt as the maſquerade was breaking up, the noiſe of a pick-pocket was announced, upon which *Buffoonery* fell upon *Wit*, and mangled him moſt piteouſly. *Invention* ſtood *Wit's* friend and helped him to make his eſcape to thoſe *Sciences*. Now it happened that night *Lady Faſhion* had loſt her lap-dog, which *Wit* found, and brought to theſe his companions, for whom *Architecture* built a little houſe; *Painting* made a portrait of it; *Poetry* made a copy of verſes upon it; which *Muſic* put a tune to, and *Aſtronomy* calculated the dear creature's nativity, which ſo pleaſed *Lady Faſhion*, that ſhe recommended them to the houſe

of Oſtentation, but left *Wit* behind, becauſe as *Wit* was out of taſte, Faſhion would not have any thing to ſay to it. However, ſome of her Ladyſhip's upper ſervants invited *Wit* into the ſteward's room, and, according to the idea ſome folks have of *Wit*, they begged he'd be comical. One brought him a poker to bend over his arm; another deſired he would eat a little fire for 'em before dinner; the butler requeſted a tune upon the muſical glaſſes; my lady's woman deſired he would tell her fortune by the cards; and the groom ſaid, "as how if his honour was a *Wit*, he could ride upon three horſes at once." But before *Wit* could anſwer to any of theſe queſtions, the French governeſs belonging to the family came down ſtairs and ordered *Wit* to be turned out of the doors, ſaying, "Vat want you vid *Vit*, when you are ſtudying a la Françoiſe? I'll vous aſſurez, I'll vous aſſurez; if you will have us for your maſters, you muſt have no *Vit* at all." [*The Sciences taken off.*]

Poor *Wit* being turned out of doors, wandered about friendleſs, for it was never yet known that a man's wit ever gained him a friend.—He applied himſelf to the proprietors of the news-papers, but upon their inquiring whether he underſtood politics, and being totally ignorant of them, they would not employ him. He inquired after Friendſhip, but found Friendſhip was drowned at the laſt general election: he went to find out Hoſpitality, but Hoſpitality being invited to a turtle feaſt, there was no room for *Wit*; he aſked after Charity, but it being found that Charity was that day run over by the biſhop's new ſet of coach-horſes, he died, broken-hearted, being a diſtemper,

which, although not catalogued in the Materia Medica, is epidemical among beautiful women, and men of genius, who having worn themſelves out in making other people happy, are at laſt neglected and left to periſh amidſt age and infirmity, wondering how the world could be ſo ungrateful.

Here is the head of a connoiſſeur—[*takes the head.*]—Though born in this kingdom, he had travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and deſpiſe every thing belonging to his own country, except himſelf. He pretended to be a great judge of painting, but only admired thoſe done a great way off, and a great while ago; he could not bear any thing done by any of his own countrymen, and one day being in an auction-room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the reſt an inimitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers; the connoiſſeur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an Engliſhman, he pulled out his eye-glaſs [*takes the eye-glaſs,*] "O Sir," ſays he, "theſe Engliſh fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch ſkipper has of dancing a cotillion; the dog has ſpoiled a fine piece of canvass; he's worſe than a Harp-Alley ſign-poſt dauber: there's no keeping, no perſpective, no fore-ground;—why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon the roſe-bud, why it's no more like a fly than I am like a—a—." But, as the connoiſſeur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away.—His eyes are half cloſed, this is called the wiſeman's wink, and

ſhows he can ſee the world with half an eye; he had ſo wonderful a penetration, ſo inimitable a forecaſt, he always could ſee how every thing was to be—after the affair was over.

Then talking of the affairs of adminiſtration, he told his lordſhip, that he could ſee how things were all along, they could not deceive him. "I can ſee if other people can't—I can ſee if the miniſtry take the lead they won't be behind hand." This man found out the only ſcheme that ever could be invented for paying off the national debt, the ſcheme that he found out, he diſcovered to the miniſtry as follows:

"Now, my lord duke, I have a ſcheme to pay off our nation's debt without burthening the ſubject with a freſh tax; my ſcheme is as follows; I would have all the Thames water bottled up, and ſold for Spa water. Who'll buy it, you'll ſay? Why the waterman's company muſt buy it, or they never could work their boats any more; there's a ſcheme to pay off the nation's debt, without burthening the ſubject with a freſh tax." [*Takes the head off.*]

Here's a companion for that connoiſſeur; this is one of your worldly wiſe men, wiſe in his own conceit; he laughed at all modes of faith, and would have a reaſon given him for every thing. He diſinherited his only ſon, becauſe the lad could not give him a reaſon why a black hen laid a white egg. He was a great materialiſt, and thus he proved the infinity of matter. He told them, that "all round things were globular, "all ſquare things flat-ſided. Now, Sir, if the bottom is equal to the top, and the top equal to the bottom, and the bottom and the top are equal

to the four ſides, *ergo* all matter is as broad as it's long." But he had not in his head matter ſufficient to prove matter efficient; being thus deficient, he knew nothing of the matter. [*Takes off the head.*]

We ſhall now exhibit a freeholder's head in a very particular ſtate—in a ſtate of inoculation. [*Shews the head.*]

Theſe pieces of money are placed like doors over the ſenſes, to open and ſhut juſt as the diſtributor of the medicine pleaſes. And here is an election picture [*Shows it,*] all hands are catching at this, 'tis an interpretation of that famous ſentiment, "May we have in our arms thoſe we love in our hearts." Now the day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the golden day of liberty, which every voter on that day, takes to market, and is his own ſaleſman; for man at that time being conſidered as a mere machine, is acted upon as machines are, and to make his wheels move properly, he is properly greaſed in the fiſt. [*Gives off the picture.*]—Every freeholder enjoys his portion of ſeptennial inſanity; he'll eat and drink with every body without paying for it, becauſe he's bold and free; then he'll knock down every body who won't ſay as he ſays, to prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preſerve the liberty of old England forever, huzza! [*Gives off the head.*]

The firſt conteſted election happened between the three goddeſſes upon Mount Ida, whoſe names were Juno, Minerva and Venus, when *Paris* was the returning officer, who decreed in favour of Venus, by preſenting her with the golden apple [*takes up the money.*]—*Juno,* on her approaching

Paris, told him, that though it was beneath her dignity to converſe with a mortal, yet if he would be her friend, ſhe would make him a nabob. Minerva told him how that learning was better than houſe and land, and if he would be her friend, ſhe would teach him *propria quæ marribus*. But Venus, who thought it would be waſting time to make uſe of words, gave him ſuch a look as put her in poſſeſſion of the golden apple. The queen of beauty, out of gratitude to *Paris*, who had ſo well managed the election for her, made him a preſent of ſeveral ſlices of that golden pippin, and in commemoration of that event, ſuch ſlices have been made uſe of as preſents, at all other general elections; they have a ſympathy like that which happens to electrical wires, let a hundred hold them in their hands, their ſenſations will be the ſame; but they differ from electricity in one eſſential point, which is, that though the touch be ever ſo great, it never ſhocks people.

It is a general remark, that novelty is the maſter paſſion of the Engliſh; nothing goes down without it, and nothing ſo groſs, that it will not make palatable; the art therefore of inſuring ſucceſs in this town to every adventurer, is to hit upon ſomething new, as the phraſe is; no matter what it is, it will prove equally attracting whether it be a woman riding upon her head at Weſtminſter-bridge, or one without any head at all, debating upon politics and religion at Weſtminſter Forum: But here, let not my fair countrywomen condemn me as an unmannerly ſatiriſt—we reſpect the taſte and underſtanding, as much as we admire the beauty and delicacy of the ſex; but ſurely no woman of ſenſe would ſuppoſe

we meant to offend her, if we ſaid ſhe was the moſt improper perſon in the world to be made a Captain of Horſe, or a Member of Parliament. This is the head (*takes the head*) of a female Moderator or Preſident of the Lady's debating Society; ſhe can prove to a demonſtration that man is an uſurper of dignities and preferments, and that her ſex has a juſt right to a participation of both with him; ſhe would have phyſicians in petty-coats, and lawyers with high heads and French curls; then ſhe would have *young* women of ſpirit to command our fleets and armies, and *old* ones to govern the ſtate:—She pathetically laments that women are conſidered as mere domeſtic animals, fit only for making puddings, pickling cucumbers, or regiſtering cures for the meaſles and chincough. If this lady's wiſhes for reformation ſhould ever be accompliſhed, we may expect to hear that an admiral's in the hyſterics; that a general has miſcarried; and that a prime miniſter was brought to bed the moment ſhe opened the budget.

This is a head (*ſhows it*) of a male Moderator and Preſident of eloquence at one of her ſchools in this metropolis; we have ſchools for fencing, ſchools for dancing, and ſchools at which we learn every thing but thoſe things which we ought to learn: but this is a ſchool to teach a man to be an orator; it can convert a cobler into a Demoſthenes—make him thunder over porter,—and lighten over gin, and qualify him to ſpeak on either ſide of the queſtion in the Houſe of Commons, who has not ſo much as a ſingle vote for a Member of Parliament.

Here political tobacconiſts ſmoke the meaſures of government in cut and dry argument; here oppoſition tailors prove the nation has been cabbaged; here ſadlers, turned ſtateſmen, find a curb for the miniſtry; here the minority veteran players argue, that the ſcene ought to be ſhifted; that the king's houſehold wants a better manager, that there is no neceſſity for a wardrobe-keeper; that his majeſty's company are a ſet of very bad actors; and he humbly moves that the king ſhould diſcharge his prompter.—Some time ago the Preſident of this ſociety had a great conſtitutional point to decide, but not acquitting himſelf to the ſatisfaction of the ladies, this ſpirited female ſeized the chair of ſtate, and with the crack of her fan opened the buſineſs of the evening; declaring, as women had wiſely aboliſhed the vulgar cuſtom of domeſtic employment, ſhe ſaw no reaſon why their knowledge ſhould be confined to the dreſs of a head or the flounce of a petticoat; that government, in peace and war, was as much their province as the other ſex, nay more; with regard to peace, very little was to be expected where women did not rule with abſolute ſway; in reſpect to war, ſhe inſiſted, at leaſt, upon an equivalent, and quoted the examples of many heroines, from the days of Boadicea, who headed her own armies, down to Hannah Snell, who ſerved in the ranks; ſhe appealed to her auditors if, notwithſtanding their plumes, that aſſembly had not as warlike an appearance, as half the officers of the guards, and doubted not but they'd prove to have full as much courage if ever put to their ſhift. "In hiſtory and politics," continued ſhe, "have not we a *Maccauly?* In book-

of entertainment, a *Griffiths?* And in dramatic works, an author that, in the laſt new comedy of *Which is the Man?* diſputes the bays with the genius of Drury?—Ladies, were it poſſible to find a man that would diſpute the eloquence of our tongues, I am ſure he muſt readily yield to the ſuperior eloquence of our eyes."—The gallery cried, Bravo! the aſſembly joined in general plaudit; and Miſs *Suſannah Croſs-ſtitch* was choſen *nem. com.* perpetual Preſident.

Before I put theſe heads on one ſide, I ſhall give a derivation of their title.—*Moderator* is derived from *Mode*, and faſhion, and *rate*, a tax, and in its compound ſenſe implies, that Faſhion adviſed theſe two to lay their heads together, in order to take advantage of the paſſion of the public, for out-of-the-way opinions, and out-of-the-way undertakings.——This head ſeems to be of that order, that ſhould inculcate the doctrine of *charity*, *meekneſs*, and *benevolence;* but not finding his labours in the vineyard ſufficiently rewarded, according to the value he ſets upon himſelf, is now (like many of his function) an apoſtate from grace to faction, and with a political pamphlet in his hand, inſtead of a moral diſcourſe, the *pulpit* is now become (as *Hudibras* expreſſes it) a drum eccleſiaſtic, and volunteers are beat up for in that place, where nothing *ſhould be* thought of but proſelytes to truth.

Among the many heads that have played upon the paſſions of the public, this is one [*takes the head*] that did cut a capital figure in that way. This is the head of *Jonas*, or the card-playing conjuring Jew; he could make matadores with the ſnap of his fingers, command the four aces

with a whiſtle, and get odd tricks—but there are a great many people in London, beſides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he is ſo dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profeſſion that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and ſciences, when a few months practice, with theſe paſteboard pages [*takes the cards*] can make any man's fortune, without his underſtanding a ſingle letter of the alphabet, provided he can but ſlip the cards, ſnap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of *preſto*, *paſſa*, *largo*, *mento*, *cocolorum*, *yaw*, like this Jonas.—The moment he comes into company and takes up a pack of cards, he begins, "I am no common ſleight of hand man; the common ſleight of hand men, they turn up the things up their ſleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes—Now, Sir, you ſhall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards; you look at the card at this ſide, you look at the card at that ſide, and I ſay blow the blaſt; the blaſt is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw; and, now Sir, I will do it once more over again, to ſee whether my fingers can more deceive your eyes; I'll give any man ten thouſand pounds if he do the like—You look at the card on this ſide, you look at the card on that ſide, when I ſay blow the blaſt, the blaſt is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw." But this conjuror at length diſcovering that moſt practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know as many tricks as himſelf, and finding his *ſleights* of *hand*

turned to little or *no account*, now practiſes on *notes of hand* by *diſcount*, and is to be found every morning at twelve in Duke's Place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at two at the Bank-coffee-houſe, up to his elbows in money, where theſe locuſts of ſociety, over a diſh of coffee and the book of intereſt, ſupply the temporary wants of neceſſitous men, and are ſure to out-wit 'em, had they even the cunning of a——Fox.

Here is the head of another faſhionable foreigner, [*ſhows the head*] a very ſimple machine; for it goes upon one ſpring, ſelf intereſt. This head may be compared to a *diſoblezeance*; for there is but one ſeat in it, and that is not the ſeat of underſtanding: Yet it is wonderful how much more rapidly this will move in the high road of preferment than one of your thinking, feeling, complex Engliſh heads, in which honour, integrity, and reaſon make ſuch a pother, that no ſtep can be taken without conſulting them. This head, if I may be allowed to ſpeak with an Iriſh accent, was a long time boaſting of his *feats*; but the laſt *fete* he attempted proved his *defeat*, for in ſpringing too high he got ſuch a fall as would diſgrace an Engliſhman forever, and which none but a foreigner's head could recover.

Is it not a pity that foreigners ſhould be admitted familiarly into the houſes of the great, while Engliſhmen, of real merit, ſhall be thruſt from their doors with contempt? An inſtance of which happened in the following picture—[*the picture brought, and he goes before it.*] Here is an opera dancer or ſinger maintained by us in all the luxury of extravagance; and in the

back ground a maimed ſoldier and ſailor, who were aſking alms, and thrown down by the inſolence of the opera ſinger's chairmen; yet the ſailor loſt his arm with the gallant Captain *Pearſon*, and the ſoldier left his leg on the plains of Minden. Inſtead of paying a guinea to ſee a man ſtand *on one leg*—would it not be better employed to be given to a man who *had but one leg to ſtand on?* But while theſe dear creatures condeſcend to come over here, to ſing to us for the trifling ſum of fifteen hundred or two thouſand guineas yearly, in return for ſuch their condeſcenſion, we cannot do too much for them, and that is the reaſon why we do ſo little for our own people. This is the way we reward thoſe who only bring folly into the country, and the other is the way, and the only way, with which we reward our deliverers.—[*The picture taken off.*]—Among the number of exotics calculated for this evening's entertainment, the head of an opera compoſer, or burletta projector, ſhould have been exhibited, could I have been lucky enough to hit upon any droll viſage for that exhibition; but, after many experiments, I was at laſt convinced, that no head for that repreſentation could be ſo truly ridiculous as my own, if this aſſembly do me the honour to accept it. [*Takes up the muſic frame and book.*]

Suppoſe me for once a burletta projector,
Who attempts a mock muſical ſcrap of a lecture;
Suppoſe this thing a harpſichord or ſpinnet;
We muſt ſuppoſe ſo, or elſe there's nothing in it;
And thus I begin, tho' a ſtranger to graces,
Thoſe deficiences muſt be ſupplied by grimaces,
And the want of wit, made up by making of faces.

[*Changes wigs and ſits down.*

Come, Carro, come attend affetuoſo,
Engliſh be dumb, your language is but ſo ſo;
Adagio is piano, allegro muſt be forte,
Go waſh my neck and ſleeves, becauſe this ſhirt is dirty:
Mon charmant prenez guarda,
Mind what your ſignior begs,
Ven you waſh, don't ſcrub ſo harda,
You may rub my ſhirt to rags.
Vile you make the water hotter—
Uno ſolo I compoſe.
Put in the pot the nice ſheep's trotter,
And de littel pettytoes;
De petty toes are little feet,
De little feet not big,
Great feet belong to de grunting hog,
De petty toes to de little pig.
Come, daughter dear, cariſſima, anima mea,
Go boil the kittle, make me ſome green tea a.
Ma bella dolce ſogno,
Vid de tea, cream, and ſugar bono,
And a littel ſlice
Of bread and butter nice.
A bravo bread, and butter,
Braviſſimo————imo.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE THIRD PART.

(Diſcovers two Ladies on the Table.)

IN ſpite of all the ſneers, prints, and paragraphs that have been publiſhed, to render the ladies' head-dreſſes ridiculous, ſure when fancy prompts a fine woman to lead the faſhion, how can any man be ſo hottentottiſh as to find fault with it? I hope, here, to be acquitted from any deſign of

rendering the ladies ridiculous ; all I aim at is to amuſe. Here is a rich dreſſed lady without elegance.—Here is an elegant dreſſed lady without riches ; for riches can no more give grace, than they can beget underſtanding. A multiplicity of ornaments may load the wearer, but can never diſtinguiſh the gentlewoman.—[*Gives off the delicate lady.*]—This is a repreſentation of thoſe miſled ladies, whoſe families have gained great fortunes by trade, begin to be aſhamed of the induſtry of their anceſtors, and turn up their noſe at every thing mechanical, and call it *wulgar*. They are continually thruſting themſelves among the nobility, to have it ſaid, they keep quality company, and for that empty qualification expoſe themſelves to all the tortures of ill treatment ; becauſe it is a frolic for perſons of rank to mortify ſuch their imitators.—This is vanity without honour, and dignity at ſecond-hand, and ſhows that ladies may ſo far entangle the line of beauty, by not having it properly unwound for them, till they are loſt in a labyrinth of faſhionable intricacies.—[*Gives the heads off. Takes the head of Cleopatra.*]—Here is a real antique : this is the head of that famous demirep of antiquity, called Cleopatra : This is the way the ladies of antiquity uſed to dreſs their heads in a morning. [*Gives the head off.*] And this is the way the ladies at preſent dreſs their heads in a morning [*takes the head.*] A lady in this dreſs ſeems hooded like a hawk, with a bliſter on each cheek, for the toothach. One would imagine this faſhion had been invented by ſome ſurly duenna, or ill-natured guardian, on purpoſe to prevent ladies turning to one ſide or the other ; and that may be the reaſon why

now, every young gentlewoman chooſes to look forward. As the world is round, every thing turns round along with it; [no wonder there ſhould be ſuch revolutions to ladies' head dreſſes: This was in faſhion two or three years paſt, this is the faſhion of laſt year [*takes a head up*] and this the morning head-dreſs [*takes the head*] of this preſent Anno Domini—theſe are the winkers, and theſe are the blinkers; but as the foibles of the ladies ought to be treated with the utmoſt delicacy, all we can ſay of theſe three heads, thus hoodwinked, is, that they are emblems of the three Graces, who, thus muffled, have a mind to play at blind-man's buff together.

[*Gives the heads off.*

We ſhall now exhibit the head of an old maid [*takes the head;*] this is called antiquated virginity, it is a period when elderly unmarried ladies are ſuppoſed to be bearing apes about in leading-ſtrings, as a puniſhment, becauſe when thoſe elderly unmarried ladies were young and beautiful, they made monkeys of mankind. Old maids are ſuppoſed to be ill natured and crabbed, as wine kept too long on the lees will turn to vinegar. Not to be partial to either ſex [*takes the head up,*] as a companion to the old maid, here is the head of an old bachelor; theſe old bachelors are mere bullies, they are perpetually abuſing matrimony, without ever daring to accept of the challenge.——Whenever they are in company they are ever exclaiming againſt hen-pecked huſbands, ſaying, if they were married, their wives ſhould never go any where without aſking their lord's and maſter's leave, and if they were

married, the children ſhould never cry, nor the ſervants commit a fault, they'd ſet the houſe to rights, they would do every thing; but the lion-like talkers abroad, are mere baa-lambs at home, being generally dupes and ſlaves to ſome termagant miſtreſs, againſt whoſe imperiouſneſs they dare not open their lips, but are frightened even if ſhe frowns. Old bachelors, in this, reſemble your pretenders to atheiſm, who make a mock in public of what in private they tremble at and fall down to. When they become ſuperannuated, they ſet up for ſuitors, they ogle through ſpectacles, and ſing love ſongs to ladies with catarrhs by way of ſymphonies, and they addreſs a young lady with, "Come, my dear, I'll put on my ſpectacles and pin your handkerchief for you; I'll ſing you a love ſong:

"How can you lovely Nancy," &c.

[*Laughs aloud.*]

How droll to hear the dotards aping youth,
And talk of love's delights without a tooth!

[*Gives the heads off.*]

It is ſomething odd that ladies ſhall have their charms all abroad in this manner—[*takes the head*] and the very next moment this ſhall come ſouſe over their *heads*, like an extinguiſher, [*pulls the calaſh over.*] This is a hood in high taſte at the upper end of the town; and this [*takes the head*] a hood in high taſte at the lower end of the town: not more different are theſe two heads in their dreſſes, than they are in their manner of converſation: this makes uſe of a delicate dialect, it being thought polite pronunciation to ſay, inſtead of can not, *ca'ant;* muſt not, *ma'ant;* ſhall

not, *ſha'ant.* This clipping of letters would be extremely detrimental to the current coin of converſation, did not theſe good dames make ample amends, by adding ſupernumerary ſyllables; when they talk of *breakfaſtes* and *toaſtaſſes*, and running their heads againſt the *poſteſſes*, to avoid the wild *beaſteſſes*. Theſe female orators, brought up at the bar of Billingſgate, have a peculiar way of expreſſing themſelves, which, however indelicate it may ſeem to more civilized ears, is exactly conformable to the way of ancient oratory; the difference between ancient and modern oratory, conſiſts in ſaying ſomething or nothing to the purpoſe; ſome people talk without ſaying any thing; ſome people don't care what they ſay; ſome married men would be glad to have nothing to ſay to their wives; and ſome huſbands would be full as glad if their wives had not any thing to ſay to them. [*Gives the heads off.*] Ancient oratory is the gift of juſt perſuaſion; modern oratory the knack of putting *words*, not *things*, together; for ſpeech-makers now are eſtimated, not by the merit, but by the length of their harangues; they are minuted as we do galloping horſes, and their goodneſs rated according as they hold out againſt time. For example, a gentleman lately coming into a coffee-houſe, and expreſſing himſelf highly pleaſed with ſome debates which he had juſt then heard; one of his acquaintance begged the favour he would tell the company what the debates were about.

"About, Sir?——Yes, Sir.——About,——what were they debating about? Why they were about five hours long?"——But what did they ſay, Sir? "Why one man ſaid every thing; he was up

two hours, three quarters, nineteen ſeconds, and five-eighths, by my watch, which is the beſt ſtop-watch in England, ſo if I don't know what he ſaid, who ſhould? For I had my eye upon my watch all the time he was ſpeaking."——Which ſide was he of? "Which ſide was he of?—Why he was of my ſide, I ſtood cloſe by him all the time."

Here are the buſts of two ancient laughing and crying philoſophers, or orators. [*Takes the two heads up:*] Theſe in their life time were heads of two powerful factions, called the Groaners and the Grinners, [*holds one head in each hand;*] this, Don Diſmal's faction, is a repreſentation of that diſcontented part of mankind, who are always railing at the times, and the world, and the people of the world: This is a good natured fellow, that made the beſt of every thing, and this Don Diſmal would attack his brother—"Oh brother! brother! brother! what will this world come to?"—"The ſame place it ſet out from this day twelvemonth." "When will the nation's debt be paid off?" "Will you paſs your word for it?" Theſe are very ſlippery times—very ſlippery." "They are always ſo in froſty weather."——"What's become of our liberty? where ſhall we find liberty?" "In Ireland to be ſure." "I can't bear to ſee ſuch times." "Shut your eyes then."

[*Gives the heads off.*]

It may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe ſpectators [*takes the head*] who are unacquainted with the reaſons that induce ladies to appear in ſuch caricatures, how that delicate ſex can walk under the weight of ſuch enormous head-coverings;—but what

will not Engliſh hearts endure for the good of their country? And it is all for the good of their country the ladies wear ſuch appearances; for while mankind are ſuch enemies to Old England, as to run wool to France, our ladies, by making uſe of wool as part of their head-dreſs [*lets down the tail and takes out the wool*], keep it at home and encourage the woollen manufactory. [*Takes off the head.*

But as all our faſhions deſcend to our inferiors, a ſervant maid in the Peak of Derbyſhire, having purchaſed an old tête from a puppet ſhow woman, and being at a loſs for ſome of this wool to ſtuff out the curls with, fancied a wiſp of hay might do.——[*Takes the head*]—Here is a ſervant-maid, with her new purchaſed finery; and here is her new-faſhioned ſtuffing; but before ſhe had finiſhed at her garret dreſſing-table, a ring at the door called her down ſtairs to receive a letter from the poſt-boy; turning back to go into the houſe again, the poſt-boy's horſe, being hungry, laid hold of the head-dreſs, by way of forage. Never may the fair ſex meet with a worſe misfortune; but may the ladies, always hereafter, preſerve their heads in good order. Amen.

Horace, in deſcribing a fine woman, makes uſe of two Latin words, which are *ſimplex munditiis*. Now theſe words cannot be properly tranſlated; their beſt interpretation is that of a young female quaker [*takes the head*] ſuch is the effect of native neatneſs: here is no bundle of hair to ſet her off, no jewels to adorn her, nor artificial complexion. Yet there is a certain odium which ſatire has dared to charge our Engliſh ladies with, which

is plaiſtering the features with white-waſh, or rubbing rouge or red, upon their faces [*gives the head off;*] women of the town may lay on red, becauſe, like pirates, the dexterity of their profeſſion conſiſts in their engaging under falſe colours; but for the delicate, the inculpable part of the ſex to vermillion their faces, ſeems as if ladies would fiſh for lovers as men bait for mackerel, by hanging ſomething red upon their hook; or that they imagined men to be of the bull, or turkey-cock kind, that would fly at any thing ſcarlet [*takes the head off.*] But ſuch practitioners ſhould remember that their faces are the works of their Creator:—if bad, how dare they mend it:—if good, why mend it; are they aſhamed of his work, and proud of their own? If any ſuch there are, let 'em lay by the art, and bluſh not to appear *that*, he bluſhes not to have made them.

If any lady ſhould be offended with the lecturer's daring to take ſuch liberties with her ſex, by way of atonement for that part of my behaviour which may appear culpable, I humbly beg leave to offer a noſtrum, or recipe, to preſerve the ladies' faces in perpetual bloom, and defend beauty from all aſſaults of time; and I dare venture to affirm, not all the paints, pomatums, or waſhes, can be of ſo much ſervice to make the ladies look lovely, as the application of this—[*ſhows the girdle of good temper*]—let but the ladies wear this noble order, and they never will be angry with me; this is the grand ſecret of attraction, this is the girdle of Venus, which Juno borrowed to make herſelf appear lovely to her huſband Jupiter; and what is here humbly recommended to all marri-

ed folks of every denomination: and to them I appeal, whether husband or wife, wife or husband, do not alternately wish each other would wear this girdle? But here lies the mistake, while the husband *begs* his wife, the wife *insists* upon the husband's putting it on; in the contention the girdle drops down between 'em, and neither of them will condescend to stoop first to take it up [*lays down the girdle.*] *Bear* and *forbear*, *give* and *forgive*, are the four chariot wheels that carry Love to Heaven: *Peace*, *Lowliness*, *Fervency* and *Taste*, are the four radiant horses that draw it. Many people have been all their life time making this chariot, without ever being able to put one wheel to it, their horses have most of 'em got the spring halt, aud that is the reason why married people now-a-days walk a foot to the Elysian Fields. Many a couple who live in splendour think they keep the only carriage that can convey them to happiness, but their vehicle is too often the *post-coach* of ruin; the horses that draw it, are *Vanity*, *Insolence*, *Luxury*, and *Credit*; the footmen who ride behind it are, *Pride*, *Lust*, *Tyranny*, and *Oppression*; the servants out of livery that wait at table, are *Folly* and *Wantonness*; then *Sickness* and *Death* take away. Were ladies once to see themselves in an ill temper, I question if ever again they would choose to appear in such a character.

Here is a lady [*takes up the picture*] in her true tranquil state of mind, in that amiableness of disposition, which makes foreigners declare, that an English lady, when she chooses to be in temper, and chooses to be herself, is the most lovely figure in the universe; and on the reverse of this medallion is the same lady, when she chooses *not* to be

in temper, and *not* to be herſelf [*turns the picture.*] This face is put on when ſhe is diſappointed of her maſquerade habit, when ſhe has loſt a *ſans prendre*, when her lap-dog's foot is trod upon, or when her huſband has dared to contradict her. Some married ladies may have great cauſe of complaint againſt their huſbands' irregularities, but is this a face to make thoſe huſbands better?—Surely no —'tis *only* by ſuch looks as theſe—[*turns the picture*] they are to be won, and may the ladies hereafter only wear ſuch looks, and may this never more be known—[*turns the picture*] only as a picture taken out of *Æſop's* Fables. [*Gives off the picture.*]

May each married lady preſerve her good man,
And young ones get good ones as faſt as they can.

It is very remarkable there ſhould be ſuch a plentiful harveſt of courtſhip before marriage, and generally ſuch a famine afterwards.

Courtſhip is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and ſweet-hearting, a ſun-ſhine holiday in ſummer time. But when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and ſome huſbands are ſeized with a cold aguiſh fit, to which the faculty has given this name [*ſhows the girdle of indifference*]. Courtſhip is Matrimony's running footman, but ſeldom ſtays to ſee the ſtocking thrown; it is too often carried away by the two grand preſervatives of matrimonial friendſhip, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is alſo another diſtemper very mortal to the honey moon, 'tis what the ladies ſometimes are ſeized with, and the college of phyſicians call it by this title. [*ſhows the girdle of the ſullens.*] This diſtemper generally ariſes from ſome ill conditioned ſpeech,

with which the lady has been hurt; who then leaning on her elbow upon the breakfaſt table, her cheek reſting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earneſtly upon the fire, her feet beating tattoo time: the huſband in the mean time biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, ſtamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the d—l. At laſt he abruptly demands of her,

"What's the matter with you, madam?"

The lady mildly replies,

"Nothing."

"What is it you do mean, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What would you make me, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What is it I have done to you, madam?"

"O—h—nothing."

And this quarrel aroſe as they ſat at breakfaſt: the lady very innocently obſerved, "She believed the tea was made with the Thames water." The huſband, in mere contradiction, inſiſted upon it, that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

From a ſcene of matrimonial tumult, here is one of matrimonial tranquillity. [*Matrimonial picture brought on, and you go forward.*] Here is an after-dinner wedlock *tête-a-tête*, a mere matrimonial *vis a vis*; the huſband in a yawning ſtate of diſſipation, and the lady in almoſt the ſame drowſy attitude, called, A nothing-to-doiſhneſs. If an unexpected viſitor ſhould happen to break in upon their ſolitude, the lady, in her apology, declares, that "ſhe is horridly chagrined, and moſt immenſely out of countenance, to be caught

in ſuch a diſhabille; but, upon honour, ſhe did not mind how her clothes were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home, *but* her huſband."

The gentleman, he ſhakes his gueſt by the hand, and ſays, "I am heartily glad to ſee you, Jack; I don't know how it was, I was almoſt aſleep; for as there was nobody at home *but* my wife, I did not know what to do with myſelf."

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE FOURTH PART.

WE ſhall now conſider the law, as our laws are very conſiderable, both in bulk and number, according as the ſtatutes declare; *conſiderandi, conſiderando, conſiderandum;* and are not to be meddled with by thoſe that don't underſtand 'em. Law always expreſſing itſelf with true grammatical preciſion, never confounding moods, caſes, or genders, except indeed when a *woman* happens to be ſlain, *then* the verdict is always brought in *man* ſlaughter. The eſſence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate;—now the quinteſcence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The firſt, is the *beginning*, or *inſipiendum;* the ſecond, the *uncertainty* or *dubitendum;* the third, *delay* or *puzzliendum;* fourthly, *replication* without *endum;* and, fifthly, *monſtrum & horrendum.*

All which were exemplified in the following

caſes, *Daniel* againſt *Diſhclout*——Daniel was groom in the ſame family wherein Diſhclout was cookmaid, and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he ſtooped down to take a ſop out of the dripping-pan; which ſpoiled his clothes, and he was adviſed to bring his action againſt the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The firſt perſon who ſpoke was Mr. Searjeant Snuffle. He began, ſaying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cauſe to your Lordſhip, I ſhall not impertinently preſume to take up any of your Lordſhip's time by a round-about, circumlocutory manner of ſpeaking or talking quite foreign to the purpoſe, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand; I ſhall, I will, I deſign to ſhow what damages my client has ſuſtained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client being a ſervant in the ſame family with Diſhclout, and not being at board-wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-ſimple of the dripping-pan, therefore he made an attachment on the *ſop* with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripp'd us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in *Broughton's* reports, *Slack verſus Smallwood*, it is ſaid, that *primus ſtrokus ſine jokus, abſolutus eſt provokus*; now, who gave the *primus ſtrokus?* who gave the firſt offence? Why the cook: ſhe brought the dripping-pan there; for, my Lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my Lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled upon the drip-

ping-pan." The next counſel on the ſame ſide began with, "My Lord, he who makes uſe of many words, to no purpoſe, has not much to ſay for himſelf, therefore I ſhall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I ſhall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having ſerved an ejectment upon his underſtanding, common ſenſe was non-ſuited, and he was a man beſides himſelf, as Dr. *Biblibus* declares, in his Diſſertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he ſays, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man. Not only becauſe he ſees things double, but alſo becauſe he is not as he *ſhould be*, profecto *ipſe* he, but is as he *ſhould not* be, defecto *tipſe* he."

The counſel on the other ſide roſe up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and toſſing the *tyes* of his wig emphatically. He began with, "My Lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare, that I am counſel in this caſe for the defendant; therefore, my Lord, I ſhall not flouriſh away in words; words are no more than fillagree works. Some people may think 'em an embelliſhment, but to them it is a matter of aſtoniſhment, how any one can be ſo impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my Lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its ſhadows. Now, in the firſt place, they have called a kitchen my client's premiſes: now, a kitchen is nobody's premiſes; a kitchen is not a ware-houſe, nor a waſh-

houſe, a brew-houſe, nor a bake-houſe, an inn-houſe, nor an out-houſe, nor a dwelling-houſe; no, my Lord, 'tis abſolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor leſs than a kitchen, or, as the law more claſſically expreſſes, a kitchen is, *camera neceſſaria pro uſus cookare; cum ſauce-pannis, ſtew-pannis, ſcullero, dreſſero, coal-holo, ſtovis, ſmoak-jacko, pro roaſtandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum, pro turtle ſoupos, calves'-headhaſhibus, cum calipee et calipaſhibus.*

"But we ſhall not avail ourſelves of an *alibi*, but admit of the exiſtence of a cookmaid; now, my Lord, we ſhall take it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new* trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of miſtakes, what would the law do? for when the law don't find miſtakes, it is the buſineſs of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.

By all the laws of laughing, every man is at liberty to play the fool with himſelf; but ſome people, fearful it would take from their conſequence, chooſe to do it by proxy; hence came the appearance of keeping fools in great families, [*takes the head*] thus are they dreſſed, and ſhow by this party-coloured garment, they are related to all the wiſe families in the kingdom. This is a fool's cap, 'tis put upon Nobody's head, Nobody's face is without features, becauſe we could not put Anybody's face upon Nobody's head. This is the head of Somebody, [*takes the head*] it

has two faces, for Somebedy is ſuppoſed to carry two faces, one of theſe faces is handſome, the other rather ill-favoured; the handſome face is exhibited as a hint to that part of mankind who are always whiſpering among their acquaintance, how well they are with Somebody, and that Somebody is a very fine woman. One of thoſe boaſters of beauty, one night at a tavern, relating his amazing amours, the toaſt-maſter called him to order, and a gentleman in a frolic, inſtead of naming any living lady for his toaſt, gave the Greek name of the tragic muſe Melpomene; upon which this boaſter of beauty, the moment he heard the word Melpomene, addreſſes the toaſt-maſter, "Oh! ho! Mr. Toaſt-maſter, you are going a round of demireps—Ay, ay, *Moll Pomene*, I remember her very well, ſhe was a very fine girl, and ſo was her ſiſter *Bet Pomene*, I had 'em both at a certain houſe, you know where." Can we help ſmiling at the partiality of the preſent times; that a man ſhould be tranſported if he ſnares a *hare*, or nets a partridge, and yet there is no puniſhment for thoſe *whiſperers* away of ladies' reputation? But ill tongues would fall hurtleſs, were there no believers to give them credit, as robbers could not continue to pilfer were there no receivers of ſtolen goods. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Anybody, with his eyes cloſed, his mouth ſhut, and his ears ſtopped, and this is exhibited as an emblem of wiſdom; and Anybody may become wiſe, if they will not ſpy into the faults of others, tell tales of others, nor liſten to the tales of others, but mind their own buſineſs and be ſatisfied. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Every-

body, [*turns the head round*] ; this is to ſhow how people dread popular clamour, or what all the world will ſay, or what every body will ſay ; nay, there is not a poor country wench, when her young maſter the 'ſquire attempts to delude her, but what immediately replies to him, "Lord!—your honour!—What will the world ſay?" And this, *what will the world ſay*, is what every body is anxious after, although it is hardly worth any body's while to trouble their heads with the world's ſayings.

Theſe four heads of *Nobody*, *Everybody*, *Somebody* and *Anybody*, form a fifth head called a *Buſybody ;* the buſybody is always anxious after ſomething about ſomebody, he'll keep company with *anybody* to find out *everybody's* buſineſs, and is only at a loſs when this head ſtops his purſuit, and *nobody* will give him an anſwer. It is from theſe four heads the fib of each day is fabricated : *Suſpicion* begets the morning whiſper, the goſſip *Report* circulates it as ſecret, *wide-mouth'd* Wonder gives Credulity credit for it, and Self-intereſt authenticates, that, as *anybody* may be ſet to work by *ſomebody*, *everybody's* alarmed at it, and at laſt, there is *nobody* knows any thing at all of the matter. From theſe four heads people purchaſe lottery-tickets, although calculation demonſtrates the odds are ſo much againſt them ; but *hope* flatters them, *fancy* makes them believe, and *expectation* obſerves, that the twenty thouſand pounds prizes muſt come to *ſomebody*, [*gives the head off,*] and as *anybody* may have them [*gives the head off,*] and *nobody* knows who [*gives the head off,*] *everybody* buys lottery tickets. [*Gives the head off.*]

Moſt difficult it is for any ſingle ſpeaker long

to preſerve the attention of his auditors : nay, he could not continue ſpeaking, conſcious of that difficulty, did he not depend greatly on the humanity of his hearers. Yet it is not *flattery* prompts the lecturer to this addreſs ; for, to ſhow in how odious a light he holds flattery, he here expoſes the head of flattery. [*Takes the head.*] This *Being* called *Flattery* was begat upon *Poverty* by *Wit ;* and that is the reaſon why poor *wits* are always the greateſt flatterers. The ancients had ſeveral *days* they called lucky and unlucky ones ; they were marked as white and black days; thus is the face of Flattery, diſtinguiſhed ; to the lucky ſhe ſhows her white, or ſhining profile ; to the unlucky ſhe is always in eclipſe ; but on the leaſt appearance of Calamity, immediately Flattery changes into reproach [*opens the head.*] How eaſy the tranſition is from flattery into reproach ; the moral of which is, that it is a reproach to our underſtandings to ſuffer flattery.—But ſome people are ſo fond of that incenſe, that they greedily accept it, though they deſpiſe the hand that offers it, without conſidering the receiver is as bad as the thief. As every head here is intended to convey ſome moral, the moral of this head is as follows : this head was the occaſion of the firſt duel that ever was fought, it then ſtanding on a pillar, in the centre, where four roads met. Two knight-errants, one from the north, and one from the ſouth, arrived at the pillar, at the ſame inſtant, whereon this head was placed ; one of the knight-errants, who only ſaw this ſide of the head, called out, " It was a ſhame to truſt a ſilver head by the road ſide." " A ſilver head," replied the

knight who only ſaw this ſide of the head, "it's a black head." Flat contradiction produced fatal demonſtration: their ſwords flew out, and they hacked and hewed one another ſo long, that at laſt, fainting with loſs of blood, they fell on the ground; then, lifting up their eyes, they diſcovered their miſtake concerning this image. A venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, placed them on horſeback, and gave them this piece of advice, That they never hereafter ſhould engage in any parties, or take part in any diſpute, without having previouſly examined both ſides of the queſtion.

We ſhall now conclude this part of the lecture with four national characters;

Here is the head of a Frenchman [*ſhows the head,*] all levity and lightneſs, ſinging and capering from morning till night, as if he looked upon life to be but a long *dance*, and liberty and law but a jig. Yet Monſieur talks in high ſtrains of the law, though he lives in a country that knows no law but the caprice of an abſolute monarch. Has he property? An edict from the *Grand Monarch* can take it, and the ſlave is ſatisfied. Purſue him to the *Baſtile*, or the diſmal dungeon in the country to which a *Lettre de catchet* conveys him, and buries the wretch for life; there ſee him in all his miſery;—aſk him "What is the cauſe?" "*Je ne ſçai pas*, it is the will of de Grand Monarch." Give him a *ſoup maigre*, a little ſallad, and a hind quarter of a frog, and he's in high ſpirits.—*Fal, lal, lal, vive le roy, vive la bagattelle.* He is now the declared enemy of Great-Britain; aſk him, "Why, has England

done your country any injury ?" "Oh, no." "What then is your cauſe of quarrel ?" "England, Sir, not give de liberty to de ſubject. She will have de tax upon de tea ; but, by gar, ſir, de Grand Monarch have ſend out de fleet and de army to chaſtiſe de Engliſh, and ven de American are free—de Grand Monarch he tax de American himſelf." "But, Monſieur, is France able to cope with England on her own element, the ſea ?" "*Oh pourquais non ?* Why not." Here is the head of a Britiſh Tar [*ſhows the head*] and while England can man her navy with thouſands of his ſpirits, Monſieur's threats are in vain : here is a man who deſpiſes danger, wounds and death ; he fights with the ſpirit of a lion, and as if, like a ſalamander, his element was fire, gets freſh courage as the action grows hotter ; he knows no diſgrace like ſtriking to the French flag ; no reward for paſt ſervices ſo ample as a wooden leg, and no retreat ſo honourable as Greenwich-hoſpital : contraſt his behaviour with that of a French ſailor, who muſt have a drawn ſword over his head to make him ſtand to his gun, who runs trembling to the prieſt for an abſolution—"Ah, mon bon pere, avez pitie de moi !" when he ſhould look death in the face like a man.—This brave tar ſaw the gallant *Farmer* ſeated on his anchor, his ſhip in a blaze, his eye fixed on the wide expanſe of the waters round him, ſcorning to ſhrink, waiting with the calm firmneſs of a hero for the moment when he was to die glorioufly in the ſervice of his country.

Here is the head of a Spaniard [*ſhows the head* ;] but firſt I had better remove the Frenchman, for

fear of a quarrel between the two allies. Now he has no diſlike to England, he wiſhes, as Spain ever did, for peace with England, and war with all the world; he remembers the latter end of the laſt war.—The Britiſh fleets thundering in their ports, and the whole nation abhorring the French for the calamities brought upon them by an intriguing Italian cabinet. He was taken priſoner by the gallant Sir George Rodney, and the only favour he aſked upon coming to England was, not to be impriſoned with a Frenchman —deteſting all connexion with that ſuperficial, dancing, treacherous people. The Frenchman, vain and ſanguine to the laſt, encourages his ally to perſevere.—*Attendre, attendre, mon cher ami*— "Wait my good friend, we ſhall get the game yet."—"Certainly," replies the grave Don, "for we get all the rubbers." But whilſt theſe two are mourning over their loſſes by the war, here comes another to complete the proceſſion of madneſs and folly. This is the head [*ſhows it*] of Mynheer Van Neverfelt Large Breecho Love Cabbeecho Dutch Doggero, a great merchant at Rotterdam, who had amaſſed an immenſe fortune by ſupplying the enemies of Great Britain with hemp, and who, if he had his deſerts, ſhould *die* as he lived by it.—He conſiders treaties as mere court promiſes, and theſe, in the vulgar acceptation of a pye cruſt, whenever they cover any advantage, it is but breaking 'em, and down with friendſhip and honour in a bite. He looks upon intereſt to be the true law of nature, and principle a ſinking fund, in which no Dutchman ſhould be concerned.—He looks upon money to be the

greateſt good upon earth ; and a pickled herring the greateſt dainty. If you would aſk him what wiſdom is, he'll anſwer you *ſtock*.—If you aſk him what benevolence is, he'll reply *ſtock* : and ſhould you inquire who made him, he ſhould ſay, *ſtock*, for *ſtock* is the only deity he bows down to. If you would judge of his wit his whole *ſtock* lies in a pipe of tobacco : and if you would judge of his converſation, a bull and a bear are his *ſtock* companions. His conduct to all men and all nations is moſt ſtrikingly tipyfied by Hogarth's Paul before Felix, in true Dutch guſto, where the guardian angel Conſcience has fallen aſleep, which Avarice, in the ſhape of the Devil, taking advantage of, ſaws aſunder the legs of the ſtool upon which the apoſtle is exhibited ſtanding. But the vengeance of Britain's inſulted genius has overtaken him, in the eaſt and in the weſt, and Holland has received blows, for her breach of compacts, ſhe will remember as long as her dykes defend her from the encroachment of the ocean.

WHEN men have eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in arts or arms, their characters ſhould be held up to the public with every mark of honour, to inſpire the young candidate for fame with a generous emulation.—There is a noble enthuſiaſm in great minds, which not only inclines them to behold illuſtrious actions with wonder and delight, but kindles alſo a deſire of attaining the ſame degree of excellence. The Romans, who well knew this principle in human nature, decreed triumphs to their generals—erected obeliſks and ſtatues in commemoration of their victories : and,

to this day, the cabinet of the antiquarian preſerves records of the victories of a Germanicus, the generoſity of a Titus, or the peaceful virtues of an Antoninus. Why then ſhould not England adopt the practice of the Romans, a people who reached the higheſt pinnacle of military glory? It is true, that ſome of our great generals have marble monuments in Weſtminſter Abbey; but why ſhould not the living enjoy the full inheritance of their laurels? If they deſerve to have their victories proclaimed to the world by the voice of Fame, let it be when men are ſenſible to the ſweetneſs of her trumpet; for ſhe will then ſound like an angel in their ears.

Here is the head of a *Britiſh Hero*; a title ſeldom conferred, and as ſeldom merited, till the ardent valour of the youthful warrior is ripened into the wiſdom and cool intrepidity of the veteran. He entered the ſervice, with the principles of a ſoldier and a patriot, the love of fame and the love of his country. His mind active and vigorous—burning with the thirſt of honour—flew to poſts of danger with a rapidity which gave ten-fold value to his military exertions, and rendered his onſets terrible as reſiſtleſs. No expedition appeared to him either difficult or impracticable that was to be undertaken for the good of the cauſe he had embarked in. Fortune too ſeemed enamoured of his valour, for ſhe preſerved his life in above a hundred and thirty actions; and though he cannot ſtretch out an arm without ſhowing an honourable teſtimony of the dangers to which he was expoſed, he has ſtill a hand left to wield a ſword for the ſervice of his coun-

try. As he is yet in the prime of youth, there is nothing too great to be expected from him.—He reſembles the immortal WOLFE in his *fire* and *fame*. And oh! for the good of old England, that Wolfe in his fortunes reſembled———

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE FIFTH PART.

WE ſhall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we ſhall ſhow a compendium of law—[*takes the wig*]—Parts of practice in the twiſt of the tail.—The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery ſuit, and the black coif behind, like a bliſtering plaiſter, ſeems to ſhow us that law is a great irritator, and only to be uſed in caſes of neceſſity.

We ſhall now beg leave to change the faſhion of the headdreſs, for, like a poor periwig maker, I am obliged to mount ſeveral patterns on the ſame block.

[*Puts on the wig, and takes the noſegay.*]

Law is—law,—Law is law, and as in ſuch and ſo forth, and hereby, and aforeſaid, provided always, nevertheleſs, notwithſtanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired.—Law is like a book of ſurgery, there are a great many terrible caſes in it. It is alſo like phyſic, they that take leaſt of it are beſt off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a ſcolding wife, very

bad when it follows us. Law is like a new faſhion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is alſo like bad weather, moſt people are glad when they get out of it.

We ſhall now mention a cauſe called "Bullum verſus Boatum;" it was a cauſe that came before me. The cauſe was as follows.

There were two farmers, farmer A, and farmer B. Farmer A was ſeized or poſſeſs'd of a ferry boat. Now the owner of the ferry boat, having made his boat faſt to a poſt on ſhore, with a piece of hay twiſted rope faſhion, or as we ſay, *vulgo vocato*, a hay band. After he had made his boat faſt to a poſt on ſhore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer B's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for dinner; and the bull obſerving, diſcerning, ſeeing, and ſpying out, ſome turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull ſcrambled into the ferry boat—he eat up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat being eat from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it ſtruck againſt a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and toſſed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action againſt the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action againſt the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum verſus Boatum, Boatum verſus Bullum.* Now the counſel for the bull began with ſaying, "My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counſel in this cauſe

for the bull.—We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horſes, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be ſaid to run away with the horſes ; therefore, my Lord, how can we puniſh what is not puniſhable ? How can we eat what is not eatable ? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable ? Or, as the law ſays, how can we think on what is not thinkable ? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counſel in this cauſe for the bull, if the jury ſhould bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counſel for the boat obſerved, that the bull ſhould be non-ſuited, becauſe in his declaration, he had not ſpecified what colour he was ; for thus wiſely and thus learnedly ſpoke the counſel,—" My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he muſt be of ſome colour ; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be ?" I overruled this motion myſelf, by obſerving the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour : beſides, as I told my brethren, they ſhould not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cauſe being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away, upon which I gave it, as my opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action againſt the water bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was iſſued,

and, upon the traverſe, this point of law aroſe, how, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatſoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be adminiſtered? The point was ſoon ſettled by Boatum's attorney declaring, that for his client he would ſwear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin, which ſet forth in their declaration that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb, the charter of the water bailiff was as follows: *Aquæ bailifi eſt magiſtratus in choiſi, ſapor omnibus, fiſhibus, qui habaurunt finnos et ſcolos, claws, ſhells, et talos, qui ſwimmare in freſhibus, vel ſaltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus, et well boats, ſive oyſteri, prawni, whitini, ſhrimpi, turbutus ſolus;* that is, *not turbuts alone, but turbuts and ſoals* both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new laid egg, and not to be underſtood by addleheaded people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonſuited; but ſuch was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all coſts, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

This is one of thoſe many thouſand heads [*takes the head*] who ſwarm in and about London, whoſe times and minds are divided between the affairs of ſtate, and the affairs of a kitchen; he was anxious after veniſon and politics; he believed every cook to be a great genius, and to know how to

dreſs a turtle comprehended all the arts and ſciences together. He was always hunting after newſpapers, to read about battles, and imagined ſoldiers and ſailors were only made to be knocked on the head, that he might read an account of it in the papers: he read every political pamphlet that was publiſhed on both ſides of the queſtion, and was always on his ſide whom he read laſt. And then he'd come home in a good or ill temper, and call for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and ſend for ſome neighbours to ſit with him, and talk politics together.—[*Puts on a cap, and takes the pipes and ſits down.*]——"How do you do Mr. Coſtive? Sit down, ſit down; ay, theſe times are hard times; I can no more reliſh theſe times, than I can a haunch of veniſon without ſweet ſauce to it; but, if you remember, I told you we ſhould have warm work of it, when the cook threw down the Kian pepper. Ay, ay; I think I know a thing or two; I think I do, that's all.——But Lord what ſignifies what one knows, they don't mind me? You know I mentioned at our club the diſturbances in America, and one of the company took me up and ſaid, "What ſignifies America, when we are all in a merry cue?" So they all fell a laughing.—Now there's Commons made Lords, and there's Lords made the Lord knows what; but that's nothing to us; they make us pay our taxes; they take care of that; ay, ay, ay, they are ſure of that; pray, what have they done for theſe twenty years laſt paſt?—Why, nothing at all; they have made a few turnpike roads, and kept the partridges alive till September; that's all they have done for the

good of their country. There were ſome great people formerly, that lov'd their country; that did every thing for the good of their country; there were your Alexander the Greats lov'd his country, and Julius Cæſar lov'd his country, and Charles of Sweedland lov'd his country, and Queen Semiramis, ſhe lov'd her country more than any of 'em; for ſhe invented ſolomon-gundy; that's the beſt eating in the whole world. Now I'll ſhow you my plan of operations, Mr. Coſtive; we'll ſuppoſe this drop of punch here to be the main ocean, or the ſea; very well—theſe pieces of cork to be our men of war; very well—now where ſhall I riſe my fortifications? I wiſh I had Mr. Major Moncrieff here; he's the beſt in the world at riſing a fortification.—Oh! I have it, [*breaks the pipes*]; we'll ſuppoſe them to be all the ſtrong fortified places in the whole world; ſuch as Fort Omai, Tillbury Fort, Birgin op zoom, and Tower Ditch, and all the other fortified places all over the world. Now, I'd have all our horſe-cavalry wear cork waiſtcoats, and all our foot infantry ſhould wear air jackets. Then, Sir, they'd croſs the ſea before you could ſay Jack Robinſon; and where do you think they ſhould land, Mr. Coſtive; whiſper me that? Ha!—What—When?—How?—You don't know—How ſhould you?—Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia!—Now, I have; I underſtand jography; now they ſhould land in America, under the line, cloſe to the ſouth pole; there they ſhould land every mother's babe of 'em: then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Catawawes; there's the Cherokees, and there's the *ruffs and rees*;

they are the four great nations ; then I takes my Catabaws all acroſs the continent, from Jamaica to Bengal : then they ſhould go to the Mediterranean.—You know where the Mediterranean is ? —No, you know nothing ; I'll tell you ; the Mediterranean is the Metropolis of Conſtantinople ; then I'd ſend a fleet to blockade Paris till the French King had given up Paul Jones ; then I'd ſend for Genr'l *Clinton* and Colonel *Tarleton*, and—Where was I Mr. Coſtive ? with Colonel *Tarleton*.—Thank ye—ſo I was ; but you are ſo dull, Mr. Coſtive, you put me out.—Now, I'll explain the whole affair to you ; you ſhan't miſs a word of it :—Now, there is the king of Pruſſia, and the Empreſs of Ruſſia ; the Nabob of Arcot, and the King of the Hottentots, are all in the Proteſtant Intereſt ; they make a diverſion upon all the Cham of Tartary's back ſettlements : then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendibus*, and retakes all the iſlands ; Rhode Iſland and all ; and takes 'em *here*, and *there*, and *there* and *here*, and *everywhere* ;—there is the whole affair explained at once to you."

This is the head of a proud man ; all heads in that predicament are unſound : this man was rich, and as wealth is a certain hot-bed to raiſe flatterers, he had enough of them ; he believed them, and always ſpoke in the firſt perſon, ſaying, I, I, I,—I will have it ſo ; I know it ;—I, I,—which puts one in mind of a ſchoolboy toning out before his miſtreſs's knees, I by itſelf, I.—Yet there is one piece of pride which may be thought excuſeable ; and that is, that honeſt exultation of heart which every public performer feels from the

approbation of his auditors;—gratefully does he acknowledge their indulgenee, and with ſincerity declares, That the utmoſt exertion of his abilities can never equal the favour of the public.

By way of Epilogue, here are two wigs—[*takes the two wigs*]—This is called the full buckled bob, and carries a conſequentiality along with it; it is worn by thoſe people who frequent city feaſts, and gorge themſelves at a Lord-Mayor's ſhow dinner, and with one of theſe wigs on, their double chins reſted upon their breaſts, and their ſhoulders up, they ſeem as if they had eat themſelves into a ſtate of indigeſtion, or elſe had bumpered themſelves out of breath with bottled beer. [*Puts on the wig.*]

——"Waiter! bring me a ladleful of ſoup! Ye dog, don't take off that haunch of veniſon yet!—bring me the lamb, a glaſs of currant jelly, and a clean plate. A hob nob, Sir, with all my heart, two bumpers of Madeira!—Love, health, and ready rhino, to all the friends that you and I know."—On the contrary, theſe lank locks form the half famiſhed face.

[*Puts on the Methodiſt hair and takes the tub.*]

"The floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mammon eats up all your upper leathers, and we are all become ſad ſoals: Brethren, the word brethren comes from the tabernacle, becauſe we all breathe therein: if you are drowſy I'll rouze you, I'll beat a tattoo upon the parchment caſe of your conſcience, and I'll whiſk the devil like a whirligig among you. Now let me aſk you a queſtion ſeriouſly: did you ever ſee any body eat any haſty-pudding? What faces they make when it ſcalds their mouths, phoo, phoo, phoo; what

faces will you all make when old Nick nicks you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare matrimony; there's the ſweet part of it, which is the honey-moon; then there's the largeſt part of it, that's the moſt inſipid that comes after, and that's the water; then there's the ſtrong ſpirits, that's the huſband; then there's the ſour ſpirit, that's the wife. But you don't mind me, no more than a dead horſe does a pair of ſpectacles, if you did, the ſweet words which I utter would be like a treacle poſſet to your palates. Do you know how many tailors make a man?—Why nine—How many half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. So have you all been bound 'prentices to Madam Faddle, the Faſhion-maker; ye have ſerved your times out, and now you ſet up for yourſelves. My bowels groan for you; as the cat on the houſe-top is caterwawling, ſo from the top of my voice will I be bawling.—Put—put ſome money in the plate, then your abominations ſhall be ſcalded off likebriſtles from the hog's back, and ye ſhall be ſcalped of them all as eaſily as I pull off this periwig."

My attempt you have heard to ſucceed the projector,
And I tremblingly wait your reward of this lecture;
No merits I plead, but what's fit for my ſtation,
And that in the merits of your approbation,
And ſince for mere mirth I exhibit this plan,
Condemn if you pleaſe—but excuſe if you can.

END OF THE LECTURE.

THE COURTSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL Lady of fair Dublin town
Was woo'd by a Frenchman, a Tar, and a Clown,
With others that fain would be bone of her bone,
The courtſhip, good folks, I'll relate to you now.

The firſt that appear'd was a man of the mode,
A Frenchman by name, Spittlefields his abode;
He addreſs'd this fair lady in taſte a la mode,
And thus he ſaid,

Madame, you be de very prettieſt creature dat ever I ſaw in all my life. You make my very heart go pit a pat for joy. To ſee dat taper waiſt, dat lily vite hand, de ſnowy vite boſom—begar, madame, your eyes be de two burning glaſſes dat ſet my ſoul all on fire. Me die for love of you—me vil marry you.

Fol lal litte tol lol.

The next that appear'd was an Engliſh-born clown,
Who to court this fine lady came to this here town;
He made a low bow, then ſet himſelf down,
And thus he ſaid,

Why madam Iſe not know how to court ſich a fine lady, you is main fine in laced lappets and red ſilken gown—why if you come to our houſe Vather muſt e'en take down one ſide of his houſe to leten in—your eyes are as black as ſoot,

and boſom as white and ſoft as good fat bacon. Well, if you has I, woy I has you, and that's all I can ſay to the matter fair miſtreſs.

The next that appear'd was a quaker ſo prim,
With his primitive face and a very broad brim,
He addreſs'd this fair lady without moving a limb,
And thus he ſaid,

Fair lump of earth, ſhun the profane and flee the wickedneſs of this our Babylon. Cleave unto me even as I cleave unto thee, in the ſpirit of love, in the ſpirit of truth and faithfulneſs: fain would I have thee become bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh, yea and I would raiſe up ſeed unto thee, and thou ſhouldeſt prove fruitful as a tender vine which groweth by the water ſide; even ſo ſay I, Ezekiel, Zachariah, *hum.*

The next that appear'd was a terrible blade,
If ſo we may ſay was a ſoldier by trade,
He ſwore that no other this lady ſhould wed,
And thus he ſaid,

With blood and wounds, fire and ſword, madam, my name it is captain Flaſh, and if e'er I meet a rival to your beauty I'd ſlay him—I'd ſtick him againſt the wall; I would ſlay thouſands to give you joy—cut off their legs and make them dance upon their ſtumps to make you ſmile; I'm noble and great as Cæſar, blame me!

A ſoldier is a gentleman,
His honour is his life,

And he who fears to ſtand by his poſt
Will ne'er ſtand by his wife,
And a ſoldiering we'll all go, we'll go.

The next that appear'd was a jolly briſk tar,
From our own Admiral Pocock enrich'd by the war;
And he of all others thought himſelf on a par,
And thus he ſaid,

Well here we are my hearts, within gunſhot of each other—you had as good's heave to and let the Parſon laſh us together; for here I am, tho' I ſay it, as well rigged as e'er a man in Dublin; and you are a little tight frigate well rigged too.

The Barking Barber,

OR, NEW BOW WOW.

A comi-ſatyri-poetical Lecture on Blockheads.

By Paſq. Shaveblock, Shaver Extraordinary.

YE gents, give ear to me, I pray,
I am a barking barber,
The beſt accommodations have,
Keen razors and hot lather.
Pray walk into my noted ſhop,
I ſhave as clean as any;
And when I've done it to your mind,

Will charge you but a penny.
Bow, wow, wow,
I am a barking barber,
Bow, wow, wow.

Ye ragged pates, your hair I'll crop,
And dreſs it vaſtly pretty ;
Or if your blocks are bare, walk in,
I warrant I can fit ye,
With bag or cue, or long pig-tail,
Or buſhy wig, or grizzled,
So well bepowdered, clean and white,
And eke ſo nicely frizzled.
Bow, wow, &c.

My ſhop well furniſh'd out with blocks,
Becomes an exhibition,
Of heads of ev'ry age and kind,
And every condition :
A lawyer's head without a quirk,
Without chicane, a proctor's ;
A lady's head without a tongue,
Without a noſtrum, doctor's.
Bow, wow, &c.

A poet's head without a rhyme,
A wit's too without punning ;
Without a crotchet fidler's head,
A jockey's without cunning ;
A cuckold's head devoid of horns,
His wife's without invention ;
A barber's head without his brains,
And others I could mention.
Bow, wow, &c.

And let none of the wicked wits
Deſpiſe my occupation,

The greater always ſhave the leſs,
In every rank and ſtation;
The rich will ever ſhave the poor,
The miniſter, an't pleaſe ye,
Well lathers you with promiſes,
Then ſhaves you mighty eaſy.
Bow, wow, &c.

And ſhavers clean, I trow there are,
Of every profeſſion;
But pardon now, my cuſtomers,
This whimſical digreſſion;
And walk into my noted ſhop,
I ſhave as clean as any;
And when I've done it to your mind,
Will charge you but a penny.
Bow, wow, &c.

Plato.

SAYS Plato, why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous Heaven has made him great!
Why looketh he with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate!
Can ſplendid robes or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction lie.
Go, ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore;

The wealth and glory they poſſeſt,
And all their honours are no more.
So glides the meteor through the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train :
But, when its ſhort liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay,
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we muſt away.

Song.

THE lark was up, the morn was grey,
The drummers beat a reveille,
Whilſt jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound.
All but one poor ſoldier, who
Nought but love, could e'er ſubdue ;
Wandering through a ſilent grove,
There did vent his plaintive love.

For women are whimſical changeable things,
Their ſweets are like bees, they're mingled with ſtings.
They are not to be got without toil, care and coſt,
They are hard to be won and as eaſily loſt ;
For in ſearching a fair one, I found to my ſmart,
I knew not the way, but I loſt my own heart.
Ah ! hapleſs, hapleſs day, when firſt I ſaw fair Biddy,
My heart ſhe ſtole away, my head ſhe turn'd quite giddy.

The world may laugh and ſneer, 'tis wond'rous
now to ſee,
A lover ſo ſincere, a ſwain admire like me.
She's comely tall and ſlender, ſhe's brighter than
the ſun;
Her looks are kind and tender, but ah! her heart's
like ſtone.
Too lovely ſtill I found her, and every method
tried,
In hopes to win and wound her, but ah! I was
denied.
And now all hopes are over, what ſchemes then
can I try,
But like a hapleſs lover, now lay me down and
die.

As on the ground he lay, Minerva came that
way,
In armour bright and gay, and thus to him did
ſay,
Ariſe! ſoldier ariſe! and I'll take you by the
hand,
And I'll lead you through the land
And I'll give you the command, of a well choſ-
en band.
Ariſe! ſoldier ariſe! don't be ſtupid, drive away
cupid,
Follow Minerva's wiſe command,
Soldier go home, go home, ne'er mind your Miſ-
treſs' ſcorn;
Slight, ſlight her again,
For ſlighted love ſhould ſlight return.
The ſoldier then roſe from his amorous ſloth,
Haſtened away to his duty,

Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Bachelor's bluff, bachelor's bluff,
High for a heart that's rugged and tough.

He that is ſingle can never wear horns,
He that is ſingle is happy,
He that is married muſt lay upon thorns,
And always go ragged and ſhabby.
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

He that is ſingle fears not the rout,
Nothing to him can be ſweeter,
Having no wife to whimper and pout
And cry, can you leave me dear creature ?
Bachelor's bluff, &c.

Ye Belles and Flirts, ſo gay and fair,
Say, are not ſoldiers form'd for love ?
I'm ſure you'll find them all ſincere,
If you'll but kind and conſtant prove ;

But if you ſlight their paſſions ſtill ;
And tyrannize their wills to prove,
Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
And will not give a thought to love.

Hold your idle prat'ling tongue,
Little laughing Cupid ſaid,
Have you never heard it ſung,
Conſtancy muſt win the maid ?

Then ground your arms, ye ſons of war,
Who ſhine through Britain's happy Iſle,
Nor ever quarrel with the fair,
But patient wait to win their ſmile.
Rule ye fair of Britain's Iſle,
We'll patient wait to win your ſmile.

Soldier's Song.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around ?
For ſhame, ye take no care, my boys,
How ſtands the glaſs around ?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets ſound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill or wound ;
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, ſoldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys ?
Why ſoldiers, why,
Whoſe bus'neſs 'tis to die ?
What ſighing, fie !
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I ;
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys ;
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain ;
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain !
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

The Death of General Wolfe.

IN a mould'ring cave, where the wretched retreat,
Britannia ſat waſted with care ;
She wept for her WOLFE, then exclaim'd againſt fate ;
And gave herſelf up to deſpair.
The walls of her cell were inſculptur'd around
With the exploits of her favourite ſon ;
And even the duſt, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with the deeds he had done.

The ſire of the gods, from his cryſtalline throne,
Beheld his diſconſolate dame ;
And mov'd with her fate, he ſent Mercury down,
And theſe were the tidings that came.
Britannia forbear, not a ſigh, nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe ſo deſervedly lov'd ;
Your griefs ſhall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The ſons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have broke from their darkſome abodes,
And ſuch is the news as in heav'n it is told,
They are marching to war with the gods ;
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
Where they came to this final decree,
That Wolfe ſhould be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was intruſted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with theſe orders I flew :
He beg'd for a moment's delay,
He cry'd, Oh ! forbear, let me victory hear,
And then thy commands I'll obey :

With a darkening film I encompaſs'd his eyes,
And convey'd him away in an urn ;
Leſt the fondneſs he bore for his own native ſhore
Should perſuade him again to return.

Hail America.

HAIL America, hail, unrival'd in fame,
Thy foes in confuſion, turn pale at thy name ;
On thy rockrooted virtue, firmly ſeated ſublime,
Below thee break harmleſs, the billows of Time.
May thy ſtarry flag, waving, ſtill glory purſue,
And freedom find ever, a guardian in you.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, brave America,
Whom Freedom ſecures ;
The high car of creſt blazing glory is yours.

Let Spain boaſt the treaſures, that grow in her mines,
Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and vines ;
Let bright ſparkling jewels in India prevail,
Let thy odours, Arabia, diffuſe in each gale ;
'Tis America only is bleſs'd with the ſoil,
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty ſmile.
Huzza, &c.
For the bleſſings of Freedom and plenty are yours.

Our boſoms enraptur'd beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our tranſport, thy triumph our fame ;
Like our fires with our ſwords, we'll ſupport thy renown,
What they bought with their blood we'll defend with our own.
Smile ye guardians of Freedom, while our ſons implore,

That America may flouriſh till time be no more.
Huzza, &c.
For the bleſſings of freedom and valor are yours.

The muſes to thee their glad tribute ſhall pay,
They flouriſh with freedom, with freedom decay;
Their harps faintly murmur and ſilently ſtand,
While the ſword of oppreſſion hangs over our land.
Can the eagle ſoar freely, or dart like the wind,
When his limbs are oppreſs'd or his pinions confin'd?
Huzza, &c.
For ſcience and arts and fair freedom are yours.

Unſheath'd while the ſword of oppreſſion remains,
And the blood of our heroes ſtill crimſon the plains;
See America weeping exhort each brave ſon,
That their hearts, as their glory, might always be one,
'Tis the charter of freedom—attend to the call—
United we ſtand, divided we fall.
Huzza, &c.
For Patriots, and Heroes, and Virtue are yours.

With ſweetneſs and beauty thy daughters ſhall riſe,
With roſe blooming cheeks and love languiſhing eyes,
The graces and virtue ſolid comforts prepare,
For heroes deſerving the firſt of the fair.
For to whom ſhould the bleſſings of freedom deſcend,
But the ſons of thoſe ſires who dar'd freedom defend?

A SONG.

Written at an Inn at Henley.

TO thee, fair freedom, I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice and din;
Nor art thou found in manſions higher
Than the low cot, or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundleſs pow'r I reign,
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne,
Such pleaſure crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falſehood's ſpecious grin,
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chooſe my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter, take my ſordid ore,
Which lacqueys elſe might hope to win;
It buys what kings have not in ſtore,
It buys me pleaſure at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his ſtages may have been,
May ſigh to think he ſtill has found
The warmeſt welcome at an Inn.

Soldier's Return.

WHEN wild war's deadly blaſt was blown,
And gentle peace returning,
And eyes again with pleaſure beam'd,
Which had been blear'd with mourning,

I left the lines and tented fields
Where long I'd been a lodger,

With humble knapſack all my wealth,
A poor and honeſt ſoldier.

A leal light heart was in my breaſt,
My hand unſtain'd with plunder,
And for fair Scotia home again,
I cheary on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' coil
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching ſmile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I ſported,
I paſs'd the mill and ſhading thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.

What ſpied I but my own dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turn'd me round to hide the flood,
That in my ken was ſwelling.

With alter'd voice, quoth I ſweet laſs,
Sweet as yon hawthorn bloſſom,
O happy ! happy be the ſwain,
That's deareſt to thy boſom.

My purſe is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger ;
I've ſerv'd my king and country long,
Take pity on a ſoldier.

So wiſtfully ſhe gaz'd at me,
And lovelier was than ever,
Quoth ſhe a ſoldier once I lov'd,
Forget him ſhall I never.

Our humble cot and homely fare
Ye freely ſhall partake on't,

That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the ſake of't.

She gaz'd, ſhe redden'd like the roſe,
Soon pale as any lily,
She ſunk into my arms and cry'd
Art thou my own dear Willy?

By him who rules yon ſun and ſky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man, and thus may ſtill
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er and I'm come home
And find thee ſtill true hearted,
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And may we ne'er be parted.

Quoth ſhe my grandſire left me gold
A mailin pleniſh'd fairly,
Then come my faithful ſoldier lad,
You're welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the ſoldier's prize;
The ſoldier's prize is honour.

The brave poor ſoldier ne'er deſpiſe,
Nor count him as a ſtranger,
Remember he's his country's ſtay
In day and hour of danger.

The Soldier's Farewel.

WHAT tho' the fate of battle
On to-morrow wait,
Yet we'll not loſe our prattle,
My charming Kate.

Until the hour of glory,
All pleaſures ſhall take place,
Nor damp the joys before me,
With a future caſe.

Such beauties I've not taſted,
Which all the arts improve,
Theſe three campaigns are waſted,
But not my love.

Anxious ſtill about thee,
Thou art all I prize,
Never Kate without thee,
Have I clos'd my eyes.

Conſtant to my Tommy,
'Tis all in vain
To think that I ſhould leave you
The whole campaign;

Or e'er neglect the filling
Each morn the bright canteen,
So long as I've a ſhilling,
To my purſe within.

If in ſome bold action,
A halbert ſhould bear,
Then think the ſatisfaction,
In my rank you'd ſhare.

Then think and ceaſe your mourning,
How fine from top to toe;
Gold rings your hands adorning,
A laced cap and ſhoe.

If I a ſerjeant's lady,
Should chance to prove,
Clean linen ſhould be ready,
Always for my love.

And never more would Kitty
The captain's laundreſs be,
I'd think myſelf too pretty
Tom, for all but thee.

Here Kate take my tobacco box,
A ſoldier's all ;
Leſt in ſome bold action,
I may chance to fall :

That when my life is ſpent,
By this you'll ſurely prove,
You had my firſt, my laſt,
My only pledge of love.

Here Tom take back your box again,
Thou art my all,
I ever ſhall be near thee,
If by chance ye fall.

May Heaven preſerve my deareſt,
Who thus does conſtant prove,
For I had his firſt, his laſt,
His only pledge of love.

O ceaſe that riſing ſigh, Kate,
And check that falling tear,
And come along my pretty girl,
And take ſome cheer.

Hark the heav'ns defend me,
Hark the drum commands,
Honour I attend you,
Love I kiſs your hands.

I can't refrain from weeping,
Tho' tears I diſdain,
And yet I think it ſomewhat hard,
The point to gain.

May guardian angels ſhield you,
And conqueſt on you wait ;
One kiſs, and then I yield you,
Alas ! poor Kate.

SONG

BY Atlan's ſtream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus ſank beyond Benleddi;
The winds were whiſpering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I liſten'd to a lover's ſong,
And thought on youthful pleaſures many
And ay the wild-wood echos rung,
O dearly do I love thee, Annie.

O happy be the midnight hour,
No nightly bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever ſorrow ſtain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie ;
Her head upon my throbbing breaſt,
She ſinking ſaid, I'm thine forever !
While many a kiſs the ſeal impreſt,
The ſacred vow we ne'er ſhould ſever.

The haunt of ſpring's the primroſe brae,
The ſummer joys the flocks to follow ;
How cheery, through her ſhort'ning day,
Is autumn in her weeds of yellow ;
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the ſoul in ſpeechleſs pleaſure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our boſom's treaſure ?

Highland Mary.

Tune—KATHARINE OGIE.

HOW ſweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's bloſſom;
As underneath the fragrant ſhade
I claſp'd her to my boſom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my ſweet Highland Mary.

With many a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was full tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourſelves aſunder;
But Oh! fell death's untimely froſt,
That nipt my flower ſo early!
Now green's the ſod, and cold's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, thoſe roſy lips,
I oft have kiſs'd ſo fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the ſparkling glance,
That dwelt on me ſo kindly!
And mould'ring now in ſilent duſt,
That heart that lov'd me dearly!
But ſtill within my boſom's care
Shall live my Highland Mary.

SONG.

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No ſtateſman or ſoldier to plot or to fight,
No ſly man of buſineſs contriving,
For a big belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I ſcorn not the peaſant, tho' ever ſo low;
But a club of good fellows, like thoſe that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here paſſes the ſquire on his brother—his horſe;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purſe;
But ſee you the crown how it waves in the air,
There a big belly'd bottle ſtill eaſes my care.

The wife of my boſom, alas! ſhe did die,
For ſweet conſolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was perſuaded a venture to make;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck;
But the purſy old landlord juſt waddled up ſtairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares are comforts," a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown:
And faith I agree with the old prig to a hair,
For a big belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours maſonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compaſs and ſquare
Have a big belly'd bottle when haraſs'd by care.

Tune——SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE day returns, my boſom burns,
The bliſsful day, we two did meet,
The winter wild in tempeſt toil'd,
Ne'er ſummer ſun was half ſo ſweet.

Than all the pride that loads the tide,
And croſſes o'er the ſultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleaſure give!
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand, that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliſs,—it breaks my heart.

SONG.

FROM thee, Eliza, I muſt go,
And leave my native ſhore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundleſs ocean's roar:

But boundleſs oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never can divide
My heart and ſoul from thee.

Farewel, farewel, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!

But the laſt throb that leaves my heart,
While death ſtands victor by,
That throb Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that lateſt ſigh.

Air—Cauld Kail.

COME let me take thee to my breaſt,
And pledge we ne'er ſhall ſunder ;
And I ſhall ſpurn as vileſt duſt,
The whole world's wealth and grandeur :
And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal tranſports move her ?
I aſk for deareſt life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, with all thy charms,
I claſp my countleſs treaſure ;
I'll ſeek no more of heav'n to ſhare,
Than ſuch a moment's pleaſure :
And by thy e'en ſo bonny blue,
I'm ſurely thine forever !
And on thy lips I ſeal my vow,
And break it ſhall I never.

SONG.

DELUDED ſwain, the pleaſure,
The fickle fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treaſure,
Thy hopes will ſoon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O ! art thou not aſhamed,
To doat upon a feature ?
If man thou wouldſt be named,
Deſpiſe the ſilly creature.

Go find an honeſt fellow;
Good claret ſet before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

TUNE, "*O'er the hills,*" &c.

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When abſent from my ſailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the ſeas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS,

On the ſeas and far away,
On ſtormy ſeas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

Peace thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war its ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as brother kindly greet:
Then may Heav'n with proſp'rous gales
Fill my ſailor's welcome ſails,
To my arms the charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the ſeas, &c.

Lover's Muſe.

OH could the various force of ſound
Point out a lover's anguiſh,

Then would the notes with life reſound,
Then would they ſweetly languiſh.
Well might the ſprightly fife declare,
Hope, and the ſofter lute deſpair;
Then would the notes with life reſound,
Then would they ſweetly languiſh.

Thus with my heart when Delia ſmiles,
Soon it exults with pleaſure,
But if ſhe frowns, obedient ſtill,
I ſeek a ſofter meaſure.
Oh could you with me ſympathize,
Watch but the motions of her eyes,
Then would the notes with life reſound,
Then would they ſweetly languiſh.

SONG.

Tanſer's muſical Lovers.

AS Poll and I a Maying went,
Down by a river ſide;
With ſome ſoft words ſhe did conſent,
That ſhe ſhould be my bride.
My inſtrument being well in tune,
And ſhe in cheerful key,
So frankly then we did preſume
To pipe it round the lay.

Each part did well in concert move,
So quick the time was beat,
We play'd ſuch melting ſtrains of love
That ſhe cry'd out repeat.
Our muſic was ſo charming ſweet,
We play'd it three times o'er,
And when I could no more repeat,
She laugh'd, and cry'd encore.

The Contraſt.

PART 1.

HOW wretched is a woman's fate,
No happy change her fortune knows;
Subject to man in every ſtate,
How can ſhe then be free from woes?

In youth a father's ſtern command,
And jealous eye controls her will;
A lordly brother watchful ſtands,
To keep her cloſe, a captive ſtill.

The tyrant huſband next appears,
With awful and contracted brow;
No more the lover's form he wears,
Her ſlaves become her ſovereigns now.

If from this fatal bondage freed,
And not by married chains confin'd;
And bleſt with ſingle life may ſee
A parent fond, a brother kind;

Yet love uſurps her tender breaſt,
And points a phenix to her eyes,
Some darling youth diſturbs her reſt,
And painful ſighs in ſilence riſe.

O cruel powers, ſince you've ordain'd
That man, vain man, ſhould bear the ſway,
To a ſlave's fetter add a ſlaviſh mind,
That I may cheerfully obey.

PART 2.

How happy is a woman's fate,
Free from care and wo;
Secure of man in every ſtate,
Her guardian god below.

In youth a father's tender love,
And well experienced eye,
Reſtrains her mind, too apt to rove
Enamour'd with a toy.

Suppoſe her with a brother bleſt,
A brother ſure is kind;
But in the huſband ſtands confeſs'd,
The father, brother, friend,

But look we on thoſe halcyon days
When women reign'd ſupreme;
When ſupple man his homage paid,
Full proud of her eſteem.

How duteous is poor Strephon's love,
How anxious is his care,
Leſt gentle zephyrs play too rough,
And diſcompoſe the fair.

'Tis man's to labour, toil and ſweat,
And all his cares employ,
Honour, or wealth, or power to get,
'Tis woman's to enjoy.

Then ſay not any power ordains,
That man ſhould bear the ſway;
Since reaſon bids, let women reign,
What reaſon bids obey.

SONG.

Nothing at all.

'TWAS once I had *nothing* to do,
A ſtory of *nothing* I'll tell,
To ſhew you what *nothing* can do,
Although it doth ſomething excel.

How often we're put in a fright,
How often do quarrel and brawl,
And when we do find out the right,
'Tis juſt about *nothing at all.*

The world out of *nothing* was made,
And all things that are therein;
How often have we heard it ſaid,
That 'twill come to *nothing* again.
And he who is ever ſo rich,
At length he may have a downfall,
And he that has ever ſo much,
At death will have *nothing at all.*

A miſer who ſpends all his breath,
In order to gain an increaſe;
He never enjoys it himſelf,
Nor neither a bleſſing of peace.
For trouble brings ſorrow we find,
Trouble brings ſorrow withal,
If there's any from trouble that's free,
'Tis he who has *nothing at all.*

When Jemmy was twenty years old,
Young Jane he would wed for his wife;
He told her fine ſtories of love,
How he lov'd her as dear as his life:
He told her fine ſtories of love,
At length unto him ſhe did fall,
O then it was plain to be ſeen,
That his love was juſt *nothing at all.*

Come fill up a bowl of the beſt,
Don't let a drop of it fall,
And drink a good health unto him
That's contented with *nothing at all.*

Come all my good company I pray,
When you for your reckoning do call,
You'll all of ye have ſomething to pay,
For I can pay *nothing at all.*

SONG.

THE bright roſy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning
The meadows and fields.
Hear the merry, merry, merry, horn
Cry come, come away;
Awake from your ſlumber,
And hail the new day.

The ſtag roſe before us,
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of the hounds in full cry.
Then let us, let us, let us follow
The muſical chaſe,
Whilſt pleaſure with vigour,
We have health to embrace.

The day ſports being over,
Our blood circles right,
And brings the briſk lover
Freſh charms for the night.
Then let us, let us, let us enjoy all
We can, while we may,
Let love crown our nights, boys,
As the ſports crown the day.

An Ode.

ON THE ADOPTION OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Tune——The Dauphin.

CROWN'D with auſpicious light,
Columbia's eagle riſe ;
Thine emblems bleſs our ſight,
Thine honours greet our eyes.
Nations admire thy riſing dawn,
And ſhall ſalute thy day,
While generations yet unborn
Receive the genial ray.

CHORUS.

An empire's born, let cannon roar,
Bid echo rend the ſky ;
Let every heart adore,
High Heaven, our great ally.

Illuſtrious æra hail—
Thy ſtars in union grow,
Oppoſing miſts diſpel,
And with freſh ſplendour glow.
Thy glories burſt upon the gloom,
Where darkneſs dragg'd her chain ;
The ſons of cruelty and death
Shall own thy gentle reign.

Cho. *An empire's born, &c.*

Let joy our hearts engage,
Let foul contention ceaſe ;
Exchange for jealous rage,
The enrapturing ſmile of peace.

No genius human e'er devis'd
A federal plan more pure ;
Wiſdom and ſtrength, and freedom guard,
Columbia's rights ſecure.
Cho. *An empire's born, &c.*

Now Fame exert your powers,
Your ſilver trumpet raiſe :
Still Waſhington is ours,
Though earth proclaim his praiſe.
He once in crimſon fields of blood,
Forbade us to be ſlaves ;
And now with an illuſtrious hand
Again his country ſaves.
Cho. *An empire's born, &c.*

Diſcord aghaſt ſhall frown,
Science her temple rear ;
Labour enſure her crown,
And uſeful arts appear.
Then bend your ſpears to pruning hooks,
Break up the gen'rous ſoil,
While fruits of plenty round the land,
Reward the reaper's toil.
Cho. *An empire's born, &c.*

Commerce your ſails diſplay,
While agriculture ſings ;
Where late the bramble lay,
The roſe of beauty ſprings.
Union ſhall glad revolving years,
No partial views remain ;
Juſtice aloft advance her ſcale,
And public virtue reign.
Cho. *An empire's born, &c.*

The Diſh of Tea.

LET ſome in grog place their delight,
O'er bottled porter waſte the night,
Or ſip the roſy wine!
A diſh of tea—more pleaſes me,
Yields ſofter joys—provokes leſs noiſe,
And breeds no baſe deſign.

From China's clime this preſent brought,
Enlivens every power of thought,
Rigs many a ſhip for ſea:
Old maids it warms—young widows charms,
And miſſes' men—not one in ten,
But court them for their tea.

When throbbing pains aſſail my head,
And dulneſs o'er my brain is ſpread,
The muſe no longer kind;
A ſingle ſip—diſpels the hyp,
To chaſe the gloom—freſh ſpirits come,
The flood-tide of the mind.

When worn with toil, or vext with care,
Let Suſan but this draught prepare,
And I forget my pain;
This magic bowl—revives the ſoul,
With gentle ſway—bids care be gay,
Nor mounts to crowd the brain.

If learned men the truth would ſpeak,
They prize it far beyond their Greek,
More fond attention pay;
No Hebrew root—ſo well can ſuit,
More quickly taught—leſs dearly bought,
And ſtudied twice a day.

This leaf from diſtant regions ſprung,
Puts life into the female tongue,
And aids the cauſe of love,
Such power has *tea*—o'er bond and free,
Which prieſts admire—delights the 'ſquire,
And Galen's ſons approve.

SONG.

OH! the days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long:
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice, youth could bare,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
Oh! the days, &c.

Truth, they ſay, lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could ſee;
Let the water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found,
In the bottom of each flaſk!
Oh! the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey;

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's froſt
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
Oh! the days, &c.

The Thirſting Lover.

MY temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine;
In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus reſolve to relinquiſh the fair?
'Tis a folly with ſpirits like mine to deſpair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

'Tis woman whoſe charms every rapture impart,
And lends a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart;
The miſer himſelf, ſo ſupreme is her ſway,
Grows a convert to love, and reſigns her the key.

At the ſound of her voice ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens, well pleas'd, from her ſhed;
While age, in an ecſtacy, hob'ling along,
Beats time with his crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's board,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirſt of a lover--and pledge me who dare.

Wiſdom's Favourite.

BANISH ſorrow, grief and folly,
Thoughts unbend the wrinkling brow;

Hence dull cares and melancholy,
Wine and mirth unite us now.
Bacchus opens all his treaſure,
Comus brings us wit and ſong;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
And let's join the jovial ſong.

Life is ſhort, it's but a ſeaſon,
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the preſent moment ſeize on,
Who knows what the reſt may bring?
All my time I now will meaſure,
All cares I now deſpiſe;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
To be happy's to be wiſe.

Wherefore ſhould we thus perplex us,
Why ſhould we not merry be,
Since there's nothing here to vex us?
Drinking ſets our hearts all free.
Let's have drinking without meaſure,
Let's have mirth what time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow pleaſure,
There's no drinking in the grave.

How imperfect is Expreſſion.

HOW imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart,
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart!
When our boſoms, all complying,
With delicious tumult ſwell,
And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying,
Language would, but cannot tell!

Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek :
Aſk no more—behold your error—
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.
What, tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feeling view !
Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.
From you, I am wild, deſpairing ;
With you, ſpeechleſs as I touch !
This is all that bears declaring,
And, perhaps, declares too much.

SONG.

HARK ! hark ! ſweet laſs, the trumpet ſounds,
'Tis honor calls to war ;
Now love I leave, perhaps for wounds,
And beauty for a ſcar.

But ah ! ſuppreſs thoſe riſing ſighs ;
Ah ! check that falling tear ;
Leſt ſoft diſtreſs, from lovely eyes,
Create a new-born fear.

My life to fame devoted was,
Before my fair I knew,
And, if I now deſert her cauſe,
Shall I be worthy you ?

It is not fame alone invites,
Though fame this boſom warms ;
My country's violated rights
Impel my ſoul to arms.

Hail Columbia.

HAIL COLUMBIA ! happy land !
Hail ye Heroes! Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cauſe,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cauſe,
And when the ſtorm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let INDEPENDENCE be our boaſt,
Ever mindful what it coſt !
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the ſkies.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty :
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and ſafety we ſhall find.

IMMORTAL PATRIOTS ! riſe once more,
Defend your rights, defend your ſhore :
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the ſhrine where ſacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace ſincere and juſt,
In Heaven we place a manly truſt,
That truth and juſtice will prevail,
And every ſcheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, ſound the trump of fame,
Let WASHINGTON's great name,
Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Ring thro' the world with loud applauſe,
Let every clime to Freedom, dear,
Liſten with a joyful ear.
With equal ſkill and Godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with eaſe
The happier times of honeſt peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the CHIEF who now commands,
Once more to ſerve his country ſtands—
The Rock on which the ſtorm will beat,
The Rock on which the ſtorm will beat,
But arm'd with virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and YOU.
When hope was ſinking in diſmay,
And glooms obſcur'd Columbia's day,
His ſteady mind from changes free,
Reſolv'd on Death or Liberty,
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty:
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and ſafety we ſhall find.

Jockey to the Fair.

'TWAS on the morn of ſweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to ſing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare:

Young Jockey, early in the dawn,
Aroſe and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair.
Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful pariſh bells had rung,
With eager ſteps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which ſhepherds us'd to wear:
He tapt the window—Haſte my dear,
Jenny, impatient, cry'd—Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near;
Step gently down, you've nought to fear
With Jockey to the Fair.

My dad and mam are faſt aſleep,
My brother's up, and with the ſheep;
And will you ſtill your promiſe keep,
Which I have heard you ſwear?
And will you ever conſtant prove?
I will, by all the powers of love,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove;
Diſpel theſe doubts, and haſte, my love,
With Jockey to the Fair.

Behold the ring, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be conſtant, would be true:
His word was pledg'd—away ſhe flew
With cowſlips, tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the Fair.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young;
Each join the dance, each join the ſong,
And hail the happy pair:
In turns there's none ſo fond as they,
They bleſs'd the kind propitious day,
The ſmiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the Fair.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill
That riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea;
When ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say—Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhivering ſtand,
With pallid cheek and hollow eye.
O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea;
Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days,
We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
But all our ſtriving was in vain:

E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

O ! Maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I ſhall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock ! the ſhadow fled !
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee ;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
O ! Mary ! weep no more for me.

Ye Fair poſſeſſed.

YE fair poſſeſs'd of ev'ry charm,
To captivate the will,
Whoſe ſmiles can rage itſelf diſarm,
Whoſe frowns at once can kill :
Say, will you deign the verſe to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part ?
And honeſt verſe, that flows ſincere,
And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r ; but greater yet,
Mankind it might engage :
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage.
Each nymph a thouſand hearts may take ;
For who's to beauty blind ?
But to what end a priſoner make,
Unleſs you've ſtrength to bind ?

Attend the counſel often told,
Too often told in vain ;

Learn that beſt art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gameſters to little purpoſe win,
Who loſe again as faſt:
Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis ſweetneſs makes it laſt.

The Lucky Eſcape.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I.
But my friend was a carſindo aboard a king's ſhip,
And he ax'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things
As if ſailors were kings,
And ſo teazing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
No longer the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about;
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;

Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home;
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away!
Ah who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame?
Wives loſing their huſbands oft loſe their good name.

Ah why did I roam
When ſo happy at home:
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curſe light upon the carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi'e's a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife's ſafe at home.

Stark ſtaring with joy, I leapt out of my ſkin,
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin :
Now, cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep ;
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any coaxing carfindo, nor the inconſtant wind
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

The Sailor's Journal.

'TWAS paſt meridian, half paſt four,
By ſignal I from Nancy parted,
At ſix ſhe linger'd on the ſhore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted ;
At ſeven while taught'ning the fore ſtay,
I ſaw her faint, or elſe 'twas fancy ;
At eight we all got under way,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs ſailors ever cheery,
On the mid watch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers, labour cannot weary ;
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouſes,

When o'er the grog all hands delight,
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes;
Round went the cann, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh and toaſted Nancy.

Next morn a ſtorm came on at four,
At ſix the elements in motion,
Plung'd me and three poor ſailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean:
Poor wretches, they ſoon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love ſeem'd to forbid the waves,
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
And winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntleſs we prepar'd for battle;
And now, while ſome lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning ruſh'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. diſcover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;
At ſeven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſhed on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jumpt on ſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſs'd Nancy.

Poor Tom ; or, The Sailor's Epitaph.

HERE, a ſheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempeſt howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manlieſt beauty,
His heart was kind and ſoft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were ſo rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair :
And then he'd ſing ſo blithe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet ſhall Poor Tom find pleaſant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars diſpatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His ſoul is gone aloft.

Hero and Leander.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Helleſpont all doubtful ſtood,
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood.

The raging ſeas, whom none can pleaſe,
'Gainſt him their malice ſhow.
The heav'ns lower'd the rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain ;
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies,
Ye ſtormy ſeas, and angry main :
What 'tis to miſs a lover's bliſs,
Alas, ye do not know ;
Make me your wreck, as I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

Lo yonder ſtands the tow'r,
Where my beloved Hero lies ;
And the appointed hour
Make haſte, ſhe ſits with longing eyes ;
To his fond ſuit, the gods were mute,
The billows anſwer'd no ;
Up to the ſkies, the ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

Meanwhile the waiting maid,
Divided 'twixt her fear and love ;
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhould the paſſage prove :
Oh ! faith, ſaid ſhe, not heav'n nor thee,
Our love ſhall e'er divide ;
I'd leap this wall, could I but fall,
By my Leander's ſide.

Although the riſing ſun,
Did to his ſight reveal, too late,
His Hero was undone ;
Not by Leander's ſuit, but fate :

Said ſhe, I'll ſhow, though we were two,
Our vows were ever one ;
This proof I'll give, I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone,

Down from the wall ſhe leapt
Into the raging ſea to him ;
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied arms to ſwim :
The ſea gods wept, nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide ;
Then join'd at laſt, ſhe graſp'd him faſt,
They ſigh'd, embrac'd and dy'd.

Alloa Houſe.

THE ſpring time returns, and clothes the green plains,
And Alloa ſhines more cheerful and gay ;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring ſwains ſing
Merrily round me wherever I ſtray ;
But Sandy no more returns to my view !
No ſpring time me cheers, no muſic can charm,
He's gone, and I fear me forever adieu !
Adieu, every pleaſure this boſom can warm !

O Alloa houſe ! how much art thou chang'd !
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove !
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas ! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove !
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told ;
Here liſten'd too fond, whenever you ſung ;

Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe flattering tongue?

So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrows keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt falt'ring accents ſuppreſt:
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and with rapture, his Nelly addreſt;
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love,
No power ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my love; be true? ſhe reply'd,
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true;
Then adieu! to all ſorrow: what ſoul is ſo blind
As not to live happy forever with you!

Ah Delia ſee the Fatal Hour.

AH Delia ſee the fatal hour,
Farewel my ſoul's delight;
But how ſhall wretched Damon live,
Thus baniſh'd from thy ſight,
To my fond heart no rival joy
Supplies the loſs of thee;
But who can tell,
If thou my dear
Will e'er remember me.

Yet while my reſtleſs wand'ring thoughts,
Purſue their loſt repoſe !
Unweary'd may they trace the path,
Where'er my Delia goes :
Forever Damon ſhall be there
Attendant on the way,
But who can tell, &c.

Alone through unfrequented wilds,
With penſive ſteps I rove,
I aſk the rocks, I aſk the ſtreams,
Where dwells my diſtant love :
The ſilent eve, the roſy morn,
My conſtant ſearch ſurvey,
But who can tell, &c.

Oft I'll review the ſmiling ſcene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree ;
Where gaily paſs'd the happy hours,
Thoſe hours I paſs'd with thee ;
What painful fond memorials riſe
From ev'ry place I ſee,
Ah, who can tell, &c.

How many rival votaries ſoon,
Their ſoft addreſs ſhall move ;
Surround thee in thy new abode,
And tempt thy ſoul to Love ;
Ah, who can tell when ſighing crowds,
Their tender homage pay,
Ah, who can tell, &c.

Think, Delia, with how deep a wound
The ſweetly painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,

Has pierc'd a hopeleſs heart :
Think on this fatal, ſad adieu,
That ſevers me from thee.
Ah, who can tell, &c.

The Hobbies.

ATTENTION pray give, while of Hobbies I ſing ;
For each has his hobby from cobler to king :
On ſome fav'rite hobby we all get aſtride,
And when we'er once mounted full gallop we ride.
All on hobbies, All on hobbies, All on hobbies,
Gee up, gee O.

Some hobbies are reſtive and hard for to govern,
E'en juſt like our wives, they're ſo curſedly ſtubborn ;
The hobbies of Scolds are their huſbands to teaze,
And the hobbies of Lawyers are plenty of fees.
That's their hobby, &c.

The Beaux, thoſe ſweet gentlemen's hobbies, good lack !
Is to wear great large poulticesty'd round the neck;
And think in the ton and the tippy they're dreſt,
If they've breeches that reach from the ankle to cheſt.
That's their hobby, &c.

The hobbies of Sailors, when ſafe moor'd in port,
And their wives and their ſweethearts to toy with and ſport,
When our navy's completed, their hobby ſhall be,
To ſhew the whole world that America's free,
That's their hobby, &c.

The hobbies of Soldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and
ſcars ;
But in peace you'll obſerve that quite different
their trade is—
The hobbies of Soldiers in peace, are the ladies.
That's their hobby, &c.

The Ladies, ſweet creatures, yes, they now and
then
Get aſtride of their hobbies, ay, juſt like the men ;
With ſmiles and with ſimpers beguile us with eaſe,
And we gallop, trot, amble, e'en juſt as they pleaſe.
That's their hobby, &c.

The Americans' hobby has long ſince been
known ;
No tyrant or king ſhall from them have a throne ;
Their States are united, and let it be ſaid
Their hobby is Liberty, Peace, and free Trade.
That's their hobby, &c.

SONG.

THE ſails unfurl'd, the ſhip unmoor'd,
Her courſe to ſteer—all hands on board,
Propitious ev'ry gale ;
Fair Sally on the beach deplores
Her ſailor bound to diſtant ſhores,
But nought her tears avail.

" Oh ! cruel fate—ye Pow'rs above,
Why thus bereft of him I love !
Who on the reſtleſs deep,
The boiſt'rous tide muſt ceaſeleſs brave,
And meet perchance, a wat'ry grave,
While I but live to weep."

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd,
Her conſtant heart with rapture burn'd,
'Twas freed from ev'ry care;
And Henry's love, his heart, his ſoul,
Were true, as needle to the pole,
When abſent from his fair.

In wedded bliſs they taſte delight,
No winds diſturb, nor ſtorms affright
The lovely Sally's breaſt;
For now he makes a firm decree,
No more to truſt the raging ſea—
With her completely bleſt.

SONG.

SPANKING Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo jolly,
Though wind blew great guns ſtill he'd whiſtle and ſing.
Jack lov'd his friend and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatneſs was great as a king.
One night as we drove with two reefs in the main-ſail,
And the ſcud came on low'ring upon a lee-ſhore,
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top ga'nt-ſail,
A ſpray waſh'd him off, and we ne'er ſaw him more!

But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at ſea, boys,
We've pleaſures aſhore.

Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,

He'd dance and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the
fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog :
Long ſide of a Don in the Terrible frigate
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him
more ;
But, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſsmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natured and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he ;
One day with the David to heave the kedge an-
chor,
Ben went in a boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He overboard tipt, when a ſhark and a ſpanker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er ſee him more !
But, &c.

But what of it all, lads, ſhall we be down hearted
Becauſe that mayhap we now take our laſt ſup ;
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in faſt mooring will bring us all up :
But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a
brother
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty and true to the core,
But by battle, or ſtorm, or ſome bad thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him
more !
But, &c.

SONG.

TWELVE months are paſt, ſince on this ſtrand,
In ſad diſtreſs we parted,
And as the boat forſook the land,
The oar my hand deſerted:
My eyes on yours were fondly bent,
And ſeem'd their tears to borrow,
And ſure from you a look was ſent,
That well repaid my ſorrow.

To bear me quickly from the ſhore,
The crew our grief ſurveying,
With lengthen'd ſtroke, ſtill kept the oar,
In well tim'd meaſure playing:
Till diſtance and approaching night,
Your lovely image ſhaded;
Yet ever in ideal ſight,
Your beauty roſe unfaded.

Oft when the midnight watch I've kept,
While ſeas were round us ſwelling,
I've fear'd alone, the gale had ſwept,
Too rudely o'er your dwelling.
But now, my love, no more your breaſt
Shall beat with ſad emotion;
I'll try to make each moment bleſt,
Nor tempt again the ocean.

Charming Sue.

THE wand'ring tar, return'd from far,
To view his native land,
With gold in ſtore, from Aſia's ſhore,
Soon ſought his Suſan's hand.

My love, ſaid he, come live with me,
No more the buſy crew
My time employs ; for all my joys
Are center'd now in SUE.

The conſtant ſwain has plough'd the main,
Thro' perils great has run ;
From dreadful wars behold his ſcars,
And ne'er thy ſailor ſhun.
From danger free, no more the ſea
Shall part our hearts ſo true :
For now thy love his truth ſhall prove,
And live with charming SUE.

Now Hymen's bands ſhall ſplice our hands,
And knot our hearts in one ;
No more the gale ſhall bend my ſail,
For thee my reck'nings run.
Come then, my dear, no ſtorms we'll fear,
Thy compaſs has prov'd true ;
And while I live, my heart I'll give
To conſtant, charming SUE.

SONG.

MY days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream ?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a ſigh to them ?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught ;
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breaſt
  Does every doubt control ;
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſt
  The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
  Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds !
  Ye cloſe retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,
  Aſſiſt the dear deſign :
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
  To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
  As much as of deſpair ;
Nor ever covet to be great,
  Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
  Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs,
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
  I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
  Ambition is nothing to me,
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
  Is a mind independent and free.

With paſſions unruffled, untainted with pride,
  By reaſon my life led me ſquare :
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupplied,
  And the reſt are but folly and care.

The bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize ;
Whilſt ſweet meditation and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wiſe.

In the pleaſures the great man's poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they pleaſe, may enjoy.

SONG.

RETURN enraptur'd hours,
When Delia's heart was mine ;
When ſhe with wreaths of flow'rs
My temples did entwine !
No jealouſy nor care
Corroded in my breaſt,
And viſions light as air
Preſided o'er my reſt.

Since I'm remov'd from ſtate,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine ;
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happineſs !
This grant ye pow'rs above !
And take my ſoul to bliſs !

Now, nightly round my bed,
No airy viſions play ;
Nor flow'rets deck my head,
Each vernal holiday :
But far from theſe ſad plains
The lovely Delia flies,
While rack'd with jealous pains
Her wretched Andre dies.

SONG.

YE fair married dames, who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſt is a lover no more :
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roſes and lilies make the men ſigh ;
But roſes, and lilies, and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar,
Tho' muſic in both, they are both apt to jar ;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The ſparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindneſs, and come at command ;
Exert with your huſbands the ſame happy ſkill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conqueſt improve,
And Hymen ſhall rivet the fetters of Love.

SONG.

THE ſun ſets at night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of Almonoak ſhall ſcorn to complain.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow? do you wait till I ſhrink from my pain?
No—the ſon of Almonoak ſhall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away:
When the flame riſes faſt! you'll exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Almonoak ſhall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain;
And thy ſon, O Almonoak, has ſcorn'd to complain.

SONG.

THE bright God of day, drew weſtward away,
And the evening was charming and clear ;
The ſwallow remains, nimbly ſailing o'er the plains,
And the ſhadows, like giants appear.

In a gay ſummer bower, when the violet's in the flower,
And zephyrs breathe odours around,
Lov'd Celia ſhe ſat playing on her ſpinnet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with the ſound.

The gay god of love flew over the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along.
As ſhe touch'd on the ſtring, he beat time with his wing,
And the echo repeated the ſong.

Roſy bowers, ſhe ſung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive ;
Th' induſtrious bees, from the flowers on the trees,
Gently humm'd, with their ſweets, to the hive.

Ye mortals beware how ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound,
Your fate you may ſhun, but you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

SONG.

BOTH ſexes give ear to my fancy,
While the praiſe of a woman I ſing ;
Confin'd not to Polly, nor Nancy,
But alike from the beggar to king.

When Adam at firſt was created,
And lord of the univerſe crown'd,
His happineſs was not completed,
Becauſe a help meet was not found.

He had all things that were wanting,
Which yield us contentment in life,
Both horſes and foxes, for hunting,
Which many love more than a wife.

A garden, ſo planted by nature,
Man could not produce in his life,
And yet, the all wiſe Creator
Saw that he wanted a wife.

Old Adam was caſt into ſlumber,
A rib taken out of his ſide,
And when he awoke, he with wonder,
Beheld a moſt beautiful bride;

With tranſport he gazed upon her,
His happineſs now was complete,
He praiſed the bountiful donor,
Who thus had provided a mate.

She was not taken out of his head,
To rule and triumph over man,
Nor was taken out of his heel;
To be rul'd, and trampled upon:

But ſhe was taken out of his ſide,
His equal and companion to be,
And thus they both were united,
And man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be deſpiſed
By man, for ſhe's part of himſelf;
Since woman by Adam was prized,
More than the whole world full of wealth:

For man without woman's a beggar,
Altho' the whole world he poſſeſs,
And the beggar that has a good wife,
With more than this world he is bleſs'd.

SONG.

WHEN fortune doth frown,
I'll ne'er be caſt down,
Repining won't alter my ſtore ;
For a good ſtate of health
Is better than wealth :
And I'll be merry, although I am poor.

The ſoldier delights
In blood, wars and fights,
The ſailor too ſails the ſeas o'er :
But this mind I am in,
I'll keep a full ſkin ;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

When the ſailors drink wine,
Their lovers repine ;
The miſer is fond of his ſtore ;
Give the glutton his diſh,
And I what I wiſh,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Let ſtateſmen debate
On the affairs of the State ;
Let moraliſts frown and look ſour ;
Let the world go as 'twill,
I'll drink to my fill ;
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Wine will diſcord aſſuage,
Enliven old age,
Make cheerful and gay at four ſcore ;
Give me a full glaſs,
A complying ſweet laſs,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

Ye benevolent ſouls,
With full flowing bowls,
Who cheerfully add to the ſtore ;
Give me but one quart,
Juſt to comfort my heart,
And I'll be merry although I am poor.

SONG.

OUR immortal poet's page
Says, that all the world's a ſtage,
And, that men with all their airs,
Are nothing more than players :
Each uſing ſkill and art,
In his turn to tap his part,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Enter here,
Exit there,
Stand in view,
Mind your cue,
High down, ho down, derry, derry down,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

Firſt the infant in the lap,
Mewling, pewling with its pap,
Like a chicken that we truſs,
Is ſwaddled by its nurſe,

Who to pleaſe the puppet tries,
As it giggles, and it cries,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Huſh abye,
Wipe an eye,
Kiſſe pretty,
Suck a tetty,
High down, ho down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace,
With his ſhining morning face,
And ſatchel on his back,
To ſchool, alas! muſt pack;
But like a ſnail he creeps,
And for bloody Monday weeps,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Book miſlaid,
Truant play'd,
Rod in pickle,
Rump to tickle,
High down, &c.

Then the lover next appears,
Sous'd all over head and ears,
Like a lobſter on the fire,
Sighing ready to expire;
With a deep hole in his heart,
Through which you may drive a cart,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Beauty ſpurns him;
Paſſion burns him,
Like a wizard,
Guts and gizzard,
High down, &c.

Then the ſoldier, ripe for plunder,
Breathing ſlaughter, blood and thunder ;
Like a cat among the mice,
Kicks a duſt up in a trice ;
And talks of ſhatter'd brains,
Scatter'd limbs and ſtreaming veins,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Fight and fly,
Run and die,
Pop and pelter,
Helter ſkelter,
High down, &c.

Then the juſtice in his chair,
With broad and vacant ſtare ;
His wig of formal cut,
And belly like a butt ;
Well lin'd with turtle haſh,
Callipee and callipaſh,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Bawd and trull,
Pimp or cull,
At his nod,
Go to quod.
High down, &c.

Then the ſlipper'd pantaloon,
In life's dull afternoon,
With ſpectacles on noſe ;
Shrunk ſhank in youthful hoſe :
His voice once big and round,
Now whiſtling in the ſound :
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

Body bent,
Vigor ſpent,
Shaking noddle,
Widdle waddle,
High down, &c.

At laſt to end the play,
Second childhood leads the way,
And like ſheep that's got the rot,
All our ſenſes go to pot.
So death amongſt us pops,
And down the curtain drops,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.
Then the coffin
We move off in,
While the bell
Tolls the knell,
Of high and low down in the cold ground,
All to fill up this farcical ſcene, O.

The Farmer.

COME each jovial fellow who loves to be mellow,
Attend unto me and ſit eaſy ;
One jorum and quiet, we quickly will try it,
Dull thinking will make a man crazy :
For here I am king, we'll drink, laugh and ſing,
Let no one appear as a ſtranger ;
But ſhow me the aſs, that refuſes his glaſs,
And I'll order him hay in the manger.

By plowing and ſowing, by reaping and mowing
Dame nature ſupplies me with plenty,
I've a cellar well ſtor'd and a plentiful board,
[illegible] dainty :

I have all things in ſeaſon, both woodcock and
pheaſant,
I'm here as a juſtice of quorum ;
At my cabin's far end I've a bed for a friend,
A clean fireſide and a jorum.

Were it not for my feeding you'd have but poor
feeding,
You'd ſurely be ſtarving without me ;
I'm always content when I've paid all my rent,
And I'm happy when friends are about me :
Draw cloſe to my table, my friends, while you're
able,
Let's not have a word of complaining :
For the jingling of glaſſes all muſic ſurpaſſes—
I love to ſee bottles a draining.

Let the mighty and great rove in ſplendour and
ſtate ;
I envy them not, I declare it ;
I eat my own lamb, my own chicken and ham,
I ſhear my own fleece and I wear it :
I've lands and I've bowers, I've fields and I've
flowers,
The lark is my daily alarmer ;
So, my jolly boys, now here's God ſpeed the
plough,
Long life and ſucceſs to the farmer.

The Weeping Roſe.

A SIMILE.

THE roſe had been waſh'd lately waſh'd with a
ſhower,
That Mary to Anne convey'd,
The plentiful moiſture incumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep, for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſhaking it rudely, too rudely alas,
I ſnapt it, it fell to the ground;
And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitileſs part,
Some act, by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking the heart,
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
Might be follow'd, perhaps, with a ſmile;
Ye wiſe, then be warn'd by the fate of the roſe,
And never too raſhly reprove,
For 'tis a fine leſſon, the moral of it ſhows
That reproof ſhould be temper'd with love.

The Old Maid's laſt Prayer.

COME all you pretty maidens, ſome older, ſome younger,
Who all have got ſweethearts, but I muſt ſtay longer,
Some ſixteen, ſome eighteen, are happily married,
Alas how unequally ſuch things are carried;
A limner, a penman, a tinker, a tailor,
A fidler, a pedlar, a ploughman, a ſailor,

Come gentle, come ſimple, come fooliſh, or witty,
Come don't let me die a maid, take me out of pity.

I have a ſiſter Sally, who's younger than I am,
Has ſo many ſweethearts ſhe's forc'd to deny 'em,
I never was guilty of denying many,
The Lord knows my heart, I'd be thankful for any.

A Limner, a Penman, &c.

I have a ſiſter Suſan, though ugly, ill-ſhapen,
Before ſhe was ſixteen years old, ſhe was taken,
Before ſhe was eighteen, a ſon, and a daughter,
And I'm ſix and thirty and ne'er had an offer,

A Limner, a Penman, &c.

It has often been ſaid, by my father and mother,
That going to one wedding, makes way for another;
If that be the caſe, I will go without bidding,
And let the world judge, if I don't want a wedding.

A Limner, a Penman, &c.

I never will ſcold, and I'll never be jealous,
My huſband ſhall have money to go to the alehouſe,
While he is there ſpending, I'll be at home ſaving,
And leave it to you all, if I an't worth the having,

A Limner, a Penman, &c.

The Scolding Wife.

SOME women take delight in dreſs,
And ſome in cards take pleaſure,

While others place their happineſs
In heaping hoards of treaſure ;
In private ſome delight to kiſs,
Their hidden charms unfolding.
But they miſtake their ſovereign bliſs,
There's no ſuch joy as ſcolding.

Each morn, as I open my eyes,
I ſoon diſperſe all ſilence,
Before my neighbours can ariſe,
They hear my clack a mile hence.
When at the board I take my ſeat,
There's one continued riot ;
I eat, I ſcold, I ſcold, I eat,
My clack is never quiet.

Let it be fleſh, or fowl, or fiſh,
Though of my own providing,
I ſtill find fault with every diſh,
Still every ſervant chiding ;
Too fat, too lean, too ſalt, too freſh,
I never can be ſuited,
But give a blaſt at every diſh,
Bak'd, roaſted, boil'd or ſtewed.

Every night when I go to bed,
I ſurely fall a weeping,
For ſilence is the thing I dread,
I cannot ſcold when ſleeping.
But then my pains to mitigate,
And drive away all ſorrow,
Although to-night may be too late,
I'll pay them off to-morrow.

SONG

ADIEU, a heart, warm, fond adieu,
Ye brothers of our myſtic tie ;
Ye favour'd and enlighten'd few,
Companions of my ſocial joy ;
Tho' I to foreign lands muſt hie,
Purſuing fortune's ſlippery ball :
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you ſtill when far awa.

Oft have I met your ſocial band,
To ſpend a cheerful feſtive night,
Oft, honour'd with ſupreme command,
Preſided o'er the ſons of light ;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftſmen ever ſaw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart ſhall write
Thoſe happy ſcenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony and love,
Cement you in the grand deſign,
Beneath th' Omniſcient eye above ;
The glorious architect divine :
That you may keep th' unerring rule,
Still guarded by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely ſhine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you farewel, whoſe merits claim
Juſtly that higheſt badge to wear,
May Heaven bleſs your noble name,
To Maſonry and 'Scotia dear ;
A laſt requeſt permit me then,
When yearly you're aſſembled all,
One round, I aſk it with a tear ;
To him, the friend, that's far awa.

And you, kind hearted ſiſters, fair,
I ſing farewel to all your charms,
Th' impreſſion of your pleaſing air;
With rapture oft my heart did warm.
Alas, the ſocial winter's night
No more returns while breath we draw,
Till ſiſters, brothers, all unite
In that Grand Lodge that's far awa.

SONG.

HAIL Maſonry divine;
Glory of ages ſhine,
Long may'ſt thou reign:
Where'er thy Lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine!

Great fabrics ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are the ſchemes:
Thy noble Orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;
No Art with thee can ſhare,
Thou art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
Did all the Craft direct
How they ſhould build;
Sol'mon, great Iſrael's king,
Did mighty bleſſings bring,
And left us room to ſing,
Hail, royal Art!

SONG.

THIS world is a ſtage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng;
But all is confuſion,
Mere folly's deluſion,
And nothing on earth but a ſong.

The Parſon ſo grave,
Says your ſouls he can ſave,
And teach the right way from the wrong;
After piouſly teaching,
And long winded preaching,
He fobs off his flock with a ſong.

The Lawyer he ſcribbles
In quirks and in quibbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue;
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'll raiſe expectation,
And ſink your eſtate to a ſong.

The Doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
In aſſurance that you ſhall live long;
But, believe me, 'tis true,
He's guineas in view,
And his recipes are nought but a ſong.

The Surgeon, ſo bold,
His lancet doth hold,
And ſlaſhes your bodies along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To fill up his charges,
His art, like the reſt, is a ſong.

The Merchant is bent
On his fifty per cent,
To whom ledger and journal belong;
'Compts current in trading
And long bills of lading;
His balance will end in a ſong.

The Printer diſcerning
'Twixt ignorance and learning
The diff'rence that truly belongs;
Yet, ſure, it is ſaid,
That his logical head,
Is turn'd by a ſtateſman or ſong.

The School-Maſter rages,
For want of more wages,
And hurries his ſcholars along;
He teaches them morals,
And whips him that quarrels,
And ſilence all day is his ſong.

The Farmer he brags
Of what crops he ſhall have,
Provided the ſeaſon holds long;
But if drought comes on,
His hopes are all gone,
And his crops may be bought for a ſong.

The Soldier he prattles
Of ſieges and battles,
And actions he ne'er was among;
His preferment and merit,
Are like to his ſpirit,
And nothing on earth but a ſong.

With powder and lace,
And a feminine face,
The ſop he goes ſtrutting along;

Juſt arriv'd from his travels,
Yet nothing unravels,
Except 'tis a dance or a ſong.

The ſurly old Prude
Complains you are rude,
Tho' for bliſs ſhe ſo ſecretly longs;
But take her aſide,
And you'll manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a ſong.

The ſilly Coquette,
Is all in a fret,
In the morning her toilet goes wrong,
All day long ſhe paſſes,
Conſulting her glaſſes,
And at night dies away like a ſong.

I've often been told,
The women will ſcold,
Their good-natur'd huſbands among;
They'll work and they'll fret,
And they'll ſcold, and they'll ſweat,
And at night die away like a ſong.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
While we are good fellows among;
Let's fill up our glaſſes,
Take life as it paſſes,
And each merry ſoul ſing a ſong.

YANKEE DOODLE,

Or, the Journey to Camp.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,

And there we ſaw the men and boys,
As thick as haſty pudding.

And there I ſaw a luſty gun,
As big as a log of maple,
Mounted on a little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And ev'ry time they ſhoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder ;
It made a noiſe like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went up as near to it
As Siah's under-pinning ;
Father went as near again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

And there lay pil'd ſome deuced things
As large as our pumpkins,
I filled up a meal bag full,
And could not lift the dumb things.

Again I ſpy'd a mighty thing,
I think they call'd it mortar,
'Twill take our old diſhkettle in,
Which holds a pail of water.

A man came by, he had a gun,
He kinder clap'd his hand on't,
And ſtuck a little ſtabbing iron,
On to the little end of't.

It ſcar'd me ſo that I run home,
Nor ſtopp'd as I remember,
'Till I had got to our town,
And ſafe in mother's chamber.

And there I had ſome heifer's milk
Which mother brought from milking ;

And Moll began to ſquimp and ſquirm,
And vow'd ſhe'd have a quilting.
She vow'd ſhe'd have it up and down,
And make the glaſſes rattle ;
For brother John had been to town,
And was not kill'd in battle.

The Learned Pig.

YOU all muſt have heard of the learned Pig,
A little one in ſize, but in ſcience very big ;
But what will you ſay to a pig of my own,
To which that pig was no more than a drone :
For as Cocklane ghoſt, on wainſcot or poſt,
With a knock or aſcratch, to anſwer waswont, ſir,
So my pig too, will anſwer as true—
Saying no, with a ſnort, and yes, with a grunt, ſir.
Fol, lol, de rol.

The parſon of the pariſh, a pious man,
Says, pray Mr. Pig, now reſolve me, if you can,
As I chriſten, and I bury, and I preach, and I pray,
And I conſtantly keep every feſtival day ;
Then ſay, ſhall not I be a biſhop by and by,
And from dioceſs to dioceſs to Canterbury paſs, ſir ?
No ! ſays the pig—ſays the parſon, looking big,
You're an impoſtor, and your pig is an aſs, ſir.
Fol, lol, de rol.

Then old lady Wiſh-for't, a widow I wot,
Who the joys of wedlock never had forgot,
With a thumping colt's tooth faſt in her head,
And thinking of the life ſhe had formerly led ;

Says, pray Mr. Swine, will a huſband ſoon be
mine,
And I no longer be a widow forlorn, ſir?
Yes, ſays the pig, which ſet her all a-gig,—
For ſhe vow'd that ſuch a pretty little pig was
never born. Fol, lol, de rol.

Then a French Refugee, who was jealous of his rib,
And knowing that my pig at an anſwer was glib,
Says monſieur, *Repondez moi, ſans façon,*
Am I von cuckold, oui or non?
Yes, was the reply; begar, ſays he, you lie,
My vife to be ſure no care for me von fig, ſir,
But if I vear de horn, no Frenchman ever born,
Vill ſuffer to be call'd von cuckold by von pig, ſir.
Fol, lol, de rol.

Then Sir Guttlebelly Gobbledown, who never
balk'd his glaſs,
Says ſurely it is hard for a ſot that I ſhould paſs,
But tho' I'm thus abus'd, Mr. Pig, by my wife,
Did you ever ſee a ſoberer man in your life?
Pig grunted ſo loud, that the reſt of the crowd,
All gaped and ſtared like ſtuck pigs I vow, ſir,
When old boozy in a pout, turns round hiccough-
ing out,
Why, blame me, but your pig is drunk as Davy's
ſow, ſir. Fol, lol, de rol.

A punning philoſopher was ſtanding by,
Who Pythagoras' doctrine held, by the by,
Very gravely exclaim'd, I can eaſily trace
A metempſychoſis in that pig's face;
Pig is but a name, and man is but the ſame,
And in tranſmigration, if I am not miſtaken,

That learned pig muſt be by conſanguinity,
A lineal deſcendant of the great Lord Bacon.
Fol, lol, de rol.

The pig at a joke ſo humourous and blunt,
Cri'd whee! whee! whee! as loud as he could grunt,
Which ſhew'd that he knew, tho' a fourfooted elf,
His pedigree as well as Cadwallader himſelf;
And my life will I pawn, that when collard into brawn,
He that eats but his fill, tho' at college never bred, ſir,
Like an egg full of meat, will with learning be replete,
He'll have it in his belly, if not in his head, ſir.
Fol, lol, de rol.

Songs of Shepherds.

SONGS of Shepherds in ruſtical roundelays,
Form'd in fancy and whiſtl'd on reeds,
Sung to ſolace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottiſh Silenus to Phebus the genius
Was ſent by dame Venus, a ſong to prepare,
In phraſe nicely coin'd, and verſe quite refin'd,
How the ſtates divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with paſtimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful ſhone,
Could no longer endure that men only ſhould
Revel in pleaſures, and they but look on.

Round about horned Lucina they ſwarmed,
And quickly inform'd her, how minded they were,
Each god and goddeſs to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaſte Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proſerpine ſat down in her place,
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.
By her example their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they ſoon leave the air,
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the ſlaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegaſus,
Borrow'd o' the muſes with kiſſes and prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucaſus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The poſtilion of the ſky, light heeled ſir Mercury,
Made his ſwift courſer fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the paſtime did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narciſſus, from his metamorphoſis,
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take.
Snoring Somnus upſtarted from Cim'ries;
Before for a thouſand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted:
And Pan, too promoted on Corydon's mare,
Eolus flouted; with mirth Momus ſhouted;
While wiſe Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Grave Hymen uſhers in Lady Aſtrea,
The humour took hold of Latona the cold,

Ceres the brown too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shamefac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maria with Flora, did company bear;
But Juno was ſtated too high to be mated,
Although, Sir, ſhe hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olymphical nectar,
The Troy-born boy now preſents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus now carouſes in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me.
Wherewith infused, I piped and muſed,
In language unuſed, the ſports to declare,
Till the vaſt houſe of Jove like the bright ſpheres did move,
Here's a health then to all that love hunting the hare.

Moſt Excellent Maſter's Song.

ALL hail! to the morning
That bids us rejoice;
The Temple's completed,
Exalt high each voice;
The Cape-ſtone is finiſh'd,
Our labour is o'er;
The ſound of the Gavel
Shall hail us no more.

To the Power Almighty,
Who ever has guided
The tribes of old Iſrael,
Exalting their fame,
To him who hath govern'd
Our hearts, undivided,

Let's ſend forth our voices
To praiſe his great name.
Companions, aſſemble
On this joyful day,
Th' occaſion is glorious,
The Key-Stone to lay;
Fulfill'd is the promiſe,
By the *Ancient of Days*,
To bring forth the Cape-ſtone,
With ſhouting and praiſe.

Ceremonies.

There's no more occaſion
For level or plumb-line,
For trowel or gavel,
For compaſs or ſquare;
Our works are completed,
The Ark ſafely ſeated,
And we ſhall be greeted
As workmen moſt rare.

Now thoſe that are worthy,
Our toils who have ſhar'd,
And prov'd themſelves faithful,
Shall meet their reward.
Their virtue and knowledge,
Induſtry and ſkill,
Have our approbation,
Have gain'd our good-will.

We accept and receive them,
Moſt excellent Maſters,
Inveſted with honours
And power to preſide:
Amongſt worthy craftſmen,
Wherever aſſembled,

The knowledge of Maſons
To ſpread far and wide.

ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH
Deſcend now, and fill
This Lodge with thy glory,
Our hearts with good-will.
Preſide at our meetings,
Aſſiſt us to find
True pleaſure in teaching
Good-will to mankind.

Thy wiſdom inſpired
The great inſtitution,
Thy ſtrength ſhall ſupport it,
Till nature expire;
And when the creation
Shall fall into ruin,
Its beauty ſhall riſe
Through the midſt of the fire!

SONG.

ERE God the univerſe began,
In one rude heap all matter lay,
Which wild diſorder overran,
Nor knew of light one glimmering ray;
While, in darkneſs o'er the whole,
Confuſion reign'd without control.

Then God aroſe, his thunders hurl'd,
And bade the elements ariſe;
In air he hung the pendent world,
And o'er it ſpread the azure ſkies;
Stars in circles caus'd to run,
And in the centre fix'd the ſun.

Then man he call'd forth out of duſt,
And form'd him with a living ſoul;
All things committed to his truſt,
And made him lord of all the whole;
But ungrateful unto Heaven
He prov'd and was from Eden driven.

From thence proceeded all our woes,
Nor could mankind one comfort ſhare;
Until Free-Maſons greatly roſe,
And form'd another Eden here.
Where true pleaſure ever reigns,
And native innocence remains.

Here cryſtal fountains bubbling flow,
Here nought that's vile, can enter in;
The tree of knowledge here does grow,
Whoſe fruit we taſte, yet free from ſin;
While ſweet friendſhip does abound,
And guardian angels hover round.

SONG—*Tune, Caſino.*

COME, ye Maſons, hither bring
The tuneful pipe and pleaſing ſtring,
Exert each voice,
Aloud rejoice,
And make the ſpacious concave ring;
Let your hearts be blythe and gay,
Joy and mirth let all diſplay,
No dull care
Shall enter here,
For this is Maſon's holiday.

Friendſhip here has fix'd her ſeat,
And virtue finds a calm retreat,
Go tell the fool
'Tis wiſdom's ſchool,
Where love and honour always meet.
Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

Social pleaſures here invite,
To fill the ſoul with ſweet delight,
While hand in hand
Our friendly band
In love and harmony unite.
Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

May we oft aſſemble here,
And long the badge of honour wear,
May joy abound,
And we be found
Forever faithful and ſincere.
Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

Take the flowing glaſs in hand,
And drink unto our Maſter Grand,
Long may he reign,
The cauſe maintain,
And Lodges flouriſh thro' the land.
Cho. Let your hearts, &c.

The Revival of Maſonry.

[Tune—*Vicar of Bray.*]

WHEN Maſonry expiring lay,
By knaves and fools rejected,
Without one hope, one cheering ray,
By worthleſs ſons neglected;
Fair virtue fled, truth hung her head,
O'erwhelm'd in deep confuſion,

Sweet friendſhip too, her ſmiles withdrew,
From this bleſt inſtitution.

Cho. Now this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
What inſtitution e'er may reign,
Maſonry bears the ſway, Sir.

Columbia's ſons determin'd then
Free Maſonry to cheriſh,
They rous'd her into life again,
And bid fair ſcience flouriſh :
Now virtue bright, truth rob'd in white,
With friendſhip hither haſten,
All go hand in hand, to bleſs the band
Of true Columbian Maſons.
Cho. Now this, &c.

Since Maſonry's reviv'd once more,
Purſue her wiſe directions,
Let circumſpection go before,
And virtue ſquare your actions ;
Unite your hands, in friendſhip's bands,
Supporting one another,
With honeſt heart, fair truth impart,
To ev'ry faithful Brother.
Cho. Now this is law, &c.

Let coxcombs grin, and critics ſneer,
While we are blithe and jolly,
Let fops deſpiſe the badge we wear,
We laugh at all their folly ;
Let empty fools deſpiſe our rules,
Brothers, we ne'er will heed them,
Say what they will, we're Maſons ſtill,
And will ſupport our freedom.
Cho. Now this is law, &c.

But may kind heaven's gracious hand,
Still regulate each action,
May ev'ry lodge ſecurely ſtand
Againſt the ſtorms of faction ;
May love and peace, each day increaſe,
Throughout this happy nation,
May they extend, till time ſhall end,
In one great conflagration.
Cho. Now this is law, &c.

The Genius of Maſonry.

WHEN Sol with grave motion, had plung'd in the ocean,
And twilight hung over the borders of day,
A ſplendid reflection with downward direction,
Stole ſoftly the ſenſes of mortals away.

My thoughts were ſuſpended, and darkneſs deſcended,
With night's ample canopy widely unfurl'd ;
The ſolemn proceſſion, the miſts in ſucceſſion
Bade twilight in ſilence retire from the world.

I ſaw in ſweet ſlumbers a beautiful creature,
Replete with celeſtial tranſporting glee ;
With rapture I trembled, I thought he reſembled
Some beautiful angel of humanity.

As far as I view'd him my fancy purſu'd him,
His ſtate was elective, and noble his mind,
He walked directly, fulfilling completely
The precepts of nature, which wiſdom enjoins.

His ſoul like an ocean of pleaſing devotion,
His tongue like an organ of muſic and mirth ;

His heart like a fountain, his head like a mountain,
His ſcience like treaſures hid deep in the earth.

My fancy it caught him, home with me it brought him,
And with my own heart ſtrings I bound him with care;
Nor could I unlooſe him, for in his ſoft boſom
I ſaw the beſt image that human can wear.

I thought he ſaid to me, in vain you purſue me,
While on the ſwift wings of ſcience I ſoar;
But if you will haſten, become a *Free-Maſon*,
Then may you go with me, and never before.

There's one thing is certain and truly diverting,
The keeping a ſecret in union ſo long;
There's no combination, ſo firm as *Free-Maſons*,
No bond of ſweet friendſhip ſo laſting and ſtrong,

For kingdoms have quarrels, for conqueſts and laurels,
And churches though Chriſtian, do wrangle and jar;
There's no ſuch invaſions among the *Free-Maſons*,
No ruptures or rumours of internal war.

Through time's ancient meaſure, with freedom and pleaſure,
The ſons of fair ſcience immoveable ſtand—
Through all the commotion by land or by ocean,
In triumph has paſs'd the harmonious band.

Old time may keep beating, his numbers completing,
And wear out his wings in the regions of years;

But wiſdom and beauty ſhall teach us our duty,
Till the worſhipful Maſter in glory appears.

The world may keep gazing, their ſenſes amazing,
And wreck their invention to find out the plan;
We'll meet them with meekneſs, and pity their weakneſs,
And prove that a Maſon's a virtuous man.

Let madmen degrade us, and ſcribblers invade us,
And all the black engines of malice combine;
Though hell and her furies turn judges and juries,
With innocent luſtre the order will ſhine.

Like rocks in the ocean, we fear not the motion,
Of waves which attack us in foaming career;
With truth and diſcretion, we ſtill make progreſſion,
And leave all the envy of fools in the rear.

While each in his ſtation, with ſweet admiration,
Behold the fair temple of wiſdom ariſe,
Let each faithful brother ſupport one another,
'Till the Lodge univerſal ſhall meet in the ſkies.

With orient grandeur, and dazzling ſplendour,
The wide arch of heav'n reflecting the blaze,
When ſiſters and brothers and millions of others,
Shall ſhine in the courts of the Ancient of Days.

The ſcene is before us, we'll join in the chorus,
Let worlds and all beings unite in the ſong,
To God the Creator of wiſdom and nature,
And ages eternal the anthem prolong.

But when armies terreſtrial and ſquadrons celeſtial,
Shall echo through heav'n with muſic ſerene,
The majeſtic ſtory falls ſhort of its glory,
And ſilence expreſſive ſhall muſe on the ſcene.

Knights Templar's Song.

TO the Knight Templar's awful dome,
Where glorious knights in arms were dreſt,
Fill'd with ſurpriſe I ſlowly came,
With ſolemn jewels on my breaſt.
A pilgrim to this houſe I came,
With ſandal, ſcarf, and ſcrip ſo white,
Thro' rugged paths my feet were led,
All this I bore to be a knight.

With feeble arm I gently ſmote,
At the Knight Templar's mercy gate,
What I beheld when its was op'd,
Was ſplendid elegant and great.
Twelve dazzling lights I quickly ſaw,
All choſen for the croſs to fight;
In one of them I found a flaw,
And ſpeedily put out that light.

In regimentals did I dreſs,
Trimm'd with colours black and blue,
A blazing ſtar on the left breaſt,
Denotes a heart that's always true.
Let none the Templar's name deny,
As Peter did the paſs forſake,
Your conduct ſtill preſerve from blame,
And keep your heads free from the ſtake.

Unite your hearts and join your hands,
In ev'ry ſolemn tie of love,

United ſhall each Templar ſtand,
The virtue of his cauſe to prove.
Until the world is loſt in fire,
By order of the Trinity,
The amazing world ſhall ſtill admire
Our ſteadfaſt love and unity.

SONG——*Royal Arch.*

WHEN orient WISDOM beam'd ſerene,
And pillar'd STRENGTH aroſe;
When BEAUTY ting'd the glowing ſcene,
And FAITH her manſion choſe,
Exulting bands the Fabric view'd;
Myſterious powers ador'd;
And high the *Triple Union* ſtood,
That gave the MYSTIC WORD.

Pale envy wither'd at the ſight,
And frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd murder up from realms of night,
To blaſt the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in wo,
They form the league abhorr'd;
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That cruſh'd the MYSTIC WORD.

Concealment, from ſequeſter'd cave,
On ſable pinions flew;
And o'er the ſacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw.
The aſſociate band in ſolemn ſtate,
The awful loſs deplor'd;
And wiſdom mourn'd the ruthleſs fate,
That whelm'd the MYSTIC WORD.

At length through time's expanded ſphere,
Fair ſcience ſpeeds her way ;
And warm'd by truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray.
A ſecond fabric's towering height,
Proclaims the ſign reſtor'd ;
From whoſe foundation brought to light,
Is drawn the MYSTIC WORD.

To depths obſcure, the favour'd TRINE,
A dreary courſe engage,
Till thro' the arch, the ray divine,
Illumes the ſacred page !
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient ſign's reſtor'd ;
The royal arch alone diſplays
The long loſt MYSTIC WORD.

SONG.

YE thrice happy few,
Whoſe hearts have been true,
In concord and unity found ;
Let's ſing and rejoice,
And unite every voice,
To ſend the gay chorus around,
To ſend, &c.

Cho. For like pillars we ſtand,
An immoveable band,
Cemented by pow'rs above;
Then freely let's paſs
The generous glaſs
To maſonry, friendſhip, and love.

The Grand Architect
Whose word did erect
Eternity, measure and space,
First laid the fair plan
On which we began,
Cement of harmony and peace.
Cement, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

While firmness of heart,
Fair treasure of arts,
To the eyes of the vulgar unknown,
Whose lustre can beam
New dignity and fame
On the pulpit, the bar, or the throne.
On the, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Indissoluble bands,
Our hearts and our hands
In social benevolence bind,
For, true to his cause,
By immutable laws,
A mason's a friend to mankind.
A mason's, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Let joy flow around,
And peace-olive abound,
Preside at our mystical rites,
While candour maintains
Our auspicious domains,
And freedom with order unites.
And freedom, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Nor let the dear maid
Our mysteries dread,

Nor think them repugnant to love ;
To beauty we bend,
And her empire defend,
Her empire deriv'd from above.
Her empire, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Then let's all unite,
Sincere and upright,
On the level of virtue to ſtand ;
No mortals can be
More happy than we,
With a brother and friend in each hand,
With a brother, &c.
Cho. For like pillars, &c.

Ledyard's Praiſe of Women.

THRO' many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilſome ſteps I've held my way,
A lonely unprotected ſtranger,
To all the ſtranger's ills a prey.

While ſteering thus my courſe precarious,
My fortune ſtill has been to find,
Men's hearts and diſpoſitions various,
But gentle woman ever kind.

Alive in every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone ;
The wounds of pain and ſorrow healing,
With ſoft compaſſion's ſweeteſt tone.

No proud delay, no dark ſuſpicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart ;
They turn not from the ſad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modeſt, gay, and mild,
Woman's the ſame endearing creature,
In courtly town, and ſavage wild.

When parch'd with thirſt, with hunger waſted,
Her friendly hand refreſhment gave;
How ſweet the coarſeſt food has taſted!
What cordial in the ſimple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words careſſing,
Shed comfort on the fainting ſoul;
Woman's the ſtranger's general bleſſing,
From ſultry India to the Pole.

SONG.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron band,
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the pleaſing day,
Ere many a year has o'er me roll'd,
Still let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

The morn of life ſerenely roſe,
And bluſh'd with beams too bright to laſt,
For ſoon a lucid cloud of woes
The pleaſing landſcape overcaſt.

Gay fortune with alluring guiſe,
Charm'd and deceiv'd my dazzled view,
For while with friendſhip ſmil'd her eyes,
Her hand the fatal poignard drew.

But, hush thy throbbing pulse, despair,
The sun which now envelop'd seems
Again may cheer the gloom of care,
And gild those clouds which veil his beams.

Nor always must the tear be shed,
Nor always heav'd the rending sigh,
The wounded heart must cease to bleed,
And sorrow's flowing fount run dry.

The Drum.

COME each gallant lad, who for pleasure quits care,
To the drum, to the drum, to the drum-head with spirit repair:
Each recruit here takes his glass,
And each young soldier with his lass,
Till the drum beats tattoo,
Retire the sweet night to pass.

Each night gaily, lads, thus we merrily waste,
Till the drum, till the drum, till the drum tells us 'tis past.
Piquet arms at dawn they shine,
While each drum ruffs it down the line,
Now the drum beats reveille,
Saluting the dawn divine.

But hark! yonder shout, see that standard alarms
Now the drum, now the drum, now the drum beats loudly to arms,
Kill'd and wounded how they lie,
Helter, skelter see them fly.
Now the drum beats retreat,
And we'll fire a feu de joy.

The Poor Child of a Tar.

IN a little blue garment all ragged and torn,
With ſcarce any ſhoes to his feet,
His head quite uncover'd, a look all forlorn,
And a cold ſtony ſtep for his ſeat,
A boy cheerleſs ſat, and as paſſengers paſs'd,
With a voice that might avarice bar,
Have pity, he cry'd, let your bounty be caſt
To a poor little child of a Tar.

No mother I have, and no friend I can claim,
Deſerted and cheerleſs I roam;
My father has fought for his country and fame,
But alas! he may never come home!
Pinch'd by cold and by hunger, how hapleſs my ſtate,
Diſtreſs muſt all happineſs mar,
Look down on my ſorrows and pity the fate,
Of a poor little child of a Tar.

By cruelty drove from a neat rural cot,
Where once with contentment we dwelt,
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot,
Alas! too ſeverely ſhe felt!
Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her his own,
And ſnatch'd her to regions afar,
Diſtreſs'd and quite friendleſs, ſhe left me to moan,
A poor little child of a Tar.

Thus plaintive he mourn'd; when a ſoldier that paſs'd,
Stop'd a moment to give him relief,

He ſtretch'd forth his hand, and a look on him caſt,
A look full of wonder and grief!
What! my William! he cry'd, my poor little boy,
With wealth I've return'd from the war;
Thy ſorrows ſhall ceaſe, nor ſhall grief more annoy,
The poor little child of a Tar.

SONG.

WHEN beating rains and pinching winds,
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And caus'd them to retire;
How ſweet they paſs their time away,
In ſober talk and ruſtic play
Beſide the ſocial fire.
Beſide, &c.

There many a plaintive tale is told,
Of thoſe who linger in the cold,
With ſighs and groans expire;
The mournful ſtory ſtrikes the ear,
They heave a ſigh and drop a tear,
And bleſs their ſocial fire.
And bleſs, &c.

The legendary tale comes next,
With many an artful phraſe perplext,
Which well the tongue might tire;
The windows ſhake, the ſhutters crack,
Each thinks a ghoſt behind his back,
And hitches to the fire.
And hitches, &c.

And now perhaps ſome humble ſwain,
Who fann'd the lover's flame in vain :
With ſighs and groans expire :
Relates each ſtratagem he play'd,
To win the coy diſdainful maid,
And eyes the ſocial fire,
And eyes, &c.

To this ſucceeds a jocund ſong,
From lungs leſs muſical than ſtrong,
And all to mirth aſpire ;
The humble roof returns the ſound,
The ſocial can goes briſkly round,
And brighter burns the fire.
And brighter, &c.

Grant me kind heaven a ſtate like this,
When ſimple ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis all that I require :
And then to crown the joys of life,
I'll ſeek a kind indulgent wife,
To bleſs the ſocial fire,
To bleſs, &c.

The Roſe Tree.

A ROSE tree in full bearing,
Had ſweet flowers, fair to ſee,
One roſe beyond comparing,
For beauty, attracted me ;
Tho' eager once, to win it,
When lovely, blooming, freſh and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And now, throw it far away.

How fine this morning early!
The ſun ſhining fair and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now, each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
The ſun beams no more are ſeen,
Farewel, ye fleeting hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

When fair Aurora bluſhes,
And heaven's ſerene and clear,
The linnets, larks and thruſhes,
With muſic delight the ear;
When ſtorms begin to gather,
And clouds veil the vaulted ſkies,
They bid adieu to pleaſure,
In ſilence, their muſic dies.

So when you was my lover,
I thought you was all divine,
No blemiſh could diſcover,
But, now, all your vices ſhine;
I find you are inconſtant,
You're falſe and fickle, as the wind,
I'll think no more upon you,
But baniſh you from my mind.

SONG.

DIOGENES, ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there is truth;

But growing as poor as a Job,
And unable to purchaſe a flaſk,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus would nevr deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart:
And when he was maudlin, would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink
Till the liquor run out of his eyes.

Democratus always was glad
To tipple, aud cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl,
While his cellar with wine was well ſtor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine;
And knew that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
For what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine;

His belly, ſome authors agree,
Was as big as a watering trough;
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glaſs,
He ſaw that no object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
While ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the ſceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to virtue was prone;
But, had it not been for good wine,
His merit had never been known.
By wine we are generous made;
It furniſhes fancy with wings;
Without it, we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG.

PUSH about the bowl, boys,
Here's no time for meaner joys;
Puſh about the bowl, boys,
Here's no time for thinking;
Let us with hearts and hands unite,
To do ourſelves the bumper's right,
The buſineſs of this happy night
Conſiſts alone in drinking.

Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Wiſdom at the bottom lies;

Drain the flowing bowl, boys,
Drive away all ſorrow :
And thus away reflection rude,
All care was made for ſolitude,
And we'll be ſure ſhould vice intrude,
To bid her come to-morrow.

He that balks a glaſs, boys,
Half his real bliſs deſtroys ;
He that balks a glaſs, boys,
He's a ſorry fellow ;
For wine with mirth will fill the knave,
And wine will make the coward brave,
And ev'ry poor dejected ſlave
As free as he is mellow.

Give us each a laſs, boys,
One who moſt our minds employs ;
Give us each a laſs, boys,
Modeſt and complying ;
One whoſe mind is fond of bliſs,
Who loves to *wed* to *woo* and *kiſs*,
And cannot ſee what harm it is
To ſave a ſwain from dying.

Here's to *noble ſelves*, boys,
Length of days and laſting joys ;
Here's to *noble ſelves*, boys,
This toaſt will bear repeating :
When e'er we bid this houſe adieu,
We'll drink to all who're found and true,
So, Here's to you, to you, and you,
'Till our next happy meeting.

SONG.

THE duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn,
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntſman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her huſband throws
Her arms to make him ſtay ;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
And ſweeps acroſs the vale :
But when the hounds too near he ſpies,
He drops his buſhy tail.
Then a hunting, &c.

Fond echo ſeems to like the ſport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods and hills the ſound retort,
And muſic fills the ſky.
When a hunting, &c.

At laſt his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor Reynard ceaſes flight :
Then hungry homeward we return
To feaſt away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn,
Prepare then for the chace ;
Riſe at the ſounding of the horn,
And health with ſport embrace.
When a hunting, &c.

SONG.

THE ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And the meads all beſpangled with dew-drops behold:
The lark early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful ſummons rebukes our delay;
With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlaves of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court:
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degrees;—
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place—
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the ſoldier hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet, in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth--
All the bleſſing we aſk, is the bleſſing of health:

With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands we roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

SONG.

ROUSE, rouſe, brother ſportſmen,
The hounds are all out,
The chace is begun I declare ;
Come up, on to horſe,
Let us follow the rout,
And join in the chaſe of the hare.
Hark ! hark ! don't you hear,
They're now in the dale,
The horn how melodious it ſounds, tol lol.
Poor puſs in a fright,
How ſhe ſtrives to prevail,
And flies from the cry of the hounds.

Tho' up to the hills
And the mountain ſhe ſails,
And ſeems to aſcend to the ſky ;
We'll mount in the air,
Like a kite in the gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.
Tho' up to the copſe for refuge ſhe flies,
We'll have her 'tis twenty to odds, tol lol.
While echo ſurrounds us
With hunting and cries,
We ſeem to converſe with the gods.

Our freedom with conſcience,
Is never alarm'd ;

We are ſtrangers to envy and ſtrife :
When bleſt with a wife,
We'll retire to her arms,
Sport ſweetens the conjugal life.
Our days paſs away in ſcenes of delight,
Which kings in their coaches ne'er taſte, tol lol.
In pleaſures of love,
We will revel all night,
Next morning return to the chaſe.

Matrimonial Felicity.

WHEN on thy boſom I recline,
Enraptur'd ſtill to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life ;
I glory in the ſacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools deſpiſe,
Of huſband and of wife.

One mutual flame inſpires our bliſs,
The tender look, the melting kiſs,
E'en years have not deſtroy'd.
Some ſweet ſenſation ever new,
Spring up and prove the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wiſh, 'tis all for thee,
Haſt thou a wiſh, 'tis all for me,
So like our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to ſee our happy days,
Still bid us live and love.

If cares ariſe, and cares will come,
Thy boſom is my ſafeſt home,

O lull me there to reſt ;
And if there aught diſturb my fair,
I bid her ſigh out all her care,
And loſe them in my breaſt.

MARIA.

A favourite Ballad, taken from Sterne, *compoſed by Mr.* Moulds.

'TWAS near a thickſet's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria choſe her wretched ſeat,
To mourn her ſorrows free :
Her lovely form was ſweet to view,
As dawn at opening day,
But ah, ſhe mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs ſmooth along :
Her pipe, which once ſhe tun'd moſt ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong :
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt ;
Thoſe joys which once ſhe us'd to prize,
But love has robb'd her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid, who can behold
Thy ſorrows ſo ſevere,
And hear thy love-lorn ſtory told,
Without a falling tear :
Maria, luckleſs maid, adieu !
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe,
For Heav'n will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace.

SONG.

FRIENDSHIP to ev'ry gen'rous mind
Opens a heav'nly treaſure:
There may the ſons of ſorrow find
Sources of real pleaſure.
See what employments men purſue,
Then you will own my words are true:
Friendſhip alone unfolds to view
Sources of real pleaſure.

Poor are the joys which fools eſteem,
Fading and tranſitory:
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
Or a deluſive ſtory:
Luxury leaves a ſting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind:
Only in friendſhip can we find
Pleaſure and ſolid glory.

Beauty with all its gaudy ſhows,
Is but a painted bubble:
Short is the triumph wit beſtows,
Full of deceit and trouble:
Fame, like a ſhadow, flees away,
Titles and dignities decay;
Nothing but friendſhip can diſplay
Joys that are free from trouble.

Learning, (that boaſted glittering thing)
Scarcely is worth poſſeſſing:
Riches, forever on the wing,
Cannot be call'd a bleſſing:
Senſual pleaſures ſwell deſire,
Juſt as the fuel feeds the fire:
Friendſhip can real bliſs inſpire,
Bliſs that is worth poſſeſſing.

Happy the man that has a friend
  Form'd by the God of nature ;
Well may he feel and recommend
  Friendſhip for his Creator.
Then as our hands in friendſhip join,
So let our ſocial pow'rs combine,
Rul'd by a paſſion moſt divine,
  Friendſhip with our Creator.

SONG.

AS paſſing by a ſhady grove,
  I heard a linnet ſing,
Whoſe ſweetly plantive voice of love,
  Proclaim'd the cheerful ſpring.
His pretty accents ſeem'd to flow,
  As if he knew no pain,
His downy throat he tun'd ſo ſweet,
  It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah ! happy warbler, (I reply'd)
  Contented thus to be ;
'Tis only harmony and love,
  Can be compar'd to thee.
Thus perch'd upon the ſpray, you ſtand
  The monarch of the ſhade ;
And even ſip ambroſial ſweets,
  That glow from ev'ry glade.

Did man poſſeſs but half thy bliſs,
  How joyful might he be !
But man was never form'd for this,
  'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewel, pretty bird, (I ſaid)
Purſue thy plantive tale,
And let thy tuneful accents ſpread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

SONG.

RETURNING home, acroſs the plain,
From market, t'other day,
A ſudden ſtorm of wind and rain
O'ertook me by the way:
With ſpeed I tript it o'er the ground,
To find ſome kinder ſpot,
And from the ſtorm a ſhelter found,
In Lubin's rural cot.

This ſwain had long poſſeſs'd a flame,
But modeſtly conceal'd;
Nor till thoſe fav'ring moments came,
His paſſion e'er reveal'd:
Will you conſent, ſweet maid, cried he,
To ſhare my humble lot;
Return, my love, and miſtreſs be,
Of Lubin's rural cot.

He ſpoke ſo fair it pleas'd my mind,
I bluſhing, anſwer'd yes;
He ſwore he would be true and kind,
And ſeal'd it with a kiſs:
Next day the wedding ring was bought,
I all my fears forgot;
And bleſt the day I ſhelter ſought,
In Lubin's rural cot.

SONG.

I'VE found my fair, a true love knot,
'Tis looſe by ſome diſaſter,
Come then with me to yonder grot,
And let us tie it faſter:
Or ſhall we to the grove repair,
There is no time to dally,
The church, the prieſt awaits us there,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally.

Methinks the knot was ſurely laid,
By Cupid's fond direction,
To prove, my ſweet, my charming maid,
The cement of affection;
'Tis form'd by ſome immortal hand,
Come, let us leave the valley,
And join in Hymen's ſilken band,
Let's tie the knot, my Sally.

No hand can e'er the band untie,
When once we are united;
For every guardian ſaint is by,
When lover's vows are plighted:
The deed recorded is above,
Then let's not ſhilly ſhally,
Oh, let us haſte, my charming love,
And tie the knot, my Sally.

The Free Thinker, or Demotte's reaſons for refuſing to hear preaching.

I'M plagu'd with my friends, and my neighbours to boot,
To know what religion my conſcience would ſuit;

If I never am ſav'd, I'll ſpeak as I think,
I'll wiſh mankind were better, and take a good drink.

Some call me a Quaker, ſome call me a Jew,
Some ſay I the laws of Mahomet purſue ;
But if I've good liquor, I'll fill to the brink,
I'll wiſh mankind better, and take a good drink.

I've read the opinions of wiſe men and fools,
In claſſical authors, who taught in the ſchools ;
And philoſophy teaches me, freely to think,
To love God and man, and to take a good drink.

The good church of England I like very well,
Good Papiſts, or Baptiſts, will ne'er go to hell ;
But the principal duty for mankind, I think,
Is to have charity for all men, and take a good drink.

I hope the Diſſenters may all be forgiven,
And Whitefield and Sandyman both go to heaven ;
But many poor ſouls, to the bottom will ſink,
For the want of good reaſon, as well as good drink.

Perhaps ſome may call me a bold libertine,
But let them to reaſon one moment incline :
Their eyes will be open'd, with me they'll all think,
They'll be jovial and free, and they'll take a good drink.

So here's the opinion of honeſt Demotte,
Who loves to enjoy both his friend and his pot,
O'er a cup of good liquor he ne'er ſleeps a wink,
But is jovial and free, and he takes a good drink.

The Wandering Sailor.

THE wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find, at laſt, content and eaſe:
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole,
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt—
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore!

SONG.

AS you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammocks to ſwing ev'ry night,
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhould prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabin with love.
Fill your ſails, &c.
Let your hearts, like the mainmaſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt, like our tackle, be tight;

Of the ſhoals of Indiff'rence be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of Jealouſy never come near.
And the quickſands, &c.

If huſbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They muſt reckon themſelves, give the helm to their wives;
For the evener we go, boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhip-board the helm is ſtill rul'd by the tail.
And on ſhip-board, &c.

Then liſt to your pilot, my boy, and be wiſe;
If my precepts you ſcorn, and my maxims deſpiſe,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you will double Cape-Horn.
And a hundred, &c.

The Storm.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt, ye landſmen, all to me!
Meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor
Sing the dangers of the ſea;
From bounding billows firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt troubled ocean,
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies!

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
By topſail ſheets, and haulyards ſtand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The topſail-ſheets now let go!

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your topſails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Freſh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms:
Round us roars the tempeſt louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain calls!

The topſail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe;
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending claſh,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky,
Different deaths at once ſurround us,
Hark! what means the dreadful cry?

The foremaſt's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold;

Plumb the well—the leak increaſes,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas ! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us !
Both chain pumps are chok'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can ſave us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See ! our mizen maſt is gone.
The leak we've found it can't pour faſt,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury foremaſt,
She rights, ſhe rights, boys, we're off ſhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has ſav'd our lives :
Come, the can, boys ! let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives ;
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to our lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempeſt now, who feels it ?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

TUNE—"*The top-ſails ſhiver in the wind.*"

THE Sailor ploughs the ſtormy main,
Alarm'd by no weak fear ;
His anxious heart but hopes to gain,
The port where lives his dear :

As points the needle to the pole,
So juſt and true the ſailor's ſoul.
The Gordian knot's not half ſo ſtrong,
As that we ſeamen tie;
For abſence ſhort, or abſence long,
Affects not conſtancy:
A gallant ſailor ſcorns deceit,
And love and courage ever meet.

Let fops whine out a ſubtle tale,
With lies and envy fraught;
Oh! think when blows the ſtubborn gale
On you we fix our thought:
Each jolly tar when far away,
Will by each gale, a ſigh convey.

The poles, however diſtant wide,
How wide the planets roll,
The tar who fears not wind or tide,
Will thus declare his ſoul:
The poles ſhall join, the planets meet,
Ere we betray—or, love deceit.

Columbia's ſhores our ſpirits warm,
Our dangers paſt we ſcorn;
'Tis only lovers know the charm,
When we to home return;
We rapid fly to fond embrace,
And tears of joy bedeck each face.

SONG.

MY deareſt life, wert thou my wife,
How happy ſhould I be,
And all my care in peace and war,
Should be to pleaſure thee.

When up and down from town to town,
We jolly ſoldiers rove;
Then you, my queen, in chaiſe-marine,
Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the ſkies,
Beyond the ſpoils of war;
Would'ſt thou agree to follow me,
In humble baggage car.
For happineſs, tho' in diſtreſs,
In ſoldiers' wives is ſeen;
And pride in coach has more reproach,
Than love in chaiſe-marine.

Oh! do not hold your love in gold,
Nor ſet your heart on gain;
Behold the great, with all their ſtate,
Their lives are care and pain.
In houſe or tent, I pay no rent,
Nor care nor trouble ſee;
But ev'ry day I get my pay,
And ſpend it merrily.

Love not the knaves, great fortune's ſlaves,
Who lead ignoble lives;
Nor deign to ſmile on men ſo vile,
Who fight none but their wives.
For liberty and you we fight,
And ev'ry ill defy:
Should but the fair reward our care,
With love and conſtancy.

If ſighs, nor groans, nor tender moans,
Can win your harden'd heart;
Let love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a ſoldier's part.

With fife and drum the ſoldiers come,
And all the pomp of war ;
Then don't think mean of chaiſe-marine,
'Tis love's triumphant car.

SONG.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in ſtore,
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With ſuch, what mortal can be richer ;
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my ſweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c.

SONG.

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expreſſion ſweet,
Is every feature of the face !

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
The flower angelic odours breeds ;

The fragrant charms of being good,
Makes gaudy vice to ſmell like weeds.

Oh, ſacred Virtue! tune my voice,
With thy inſpiring harmony;
Then I ſhall ſing of rapt'rous joys,
Which fill my ſoul with love of thee.

To laſting brightneſs be refin'd,
When this vain ſhadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will laſt when all things elſe decay.

The Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill,
For his country he ſigh'd when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone on the wind beaten hill.
The day-ſtar attracted his eye's ſad devotion,
For it roſe o'er his own native tale of the ocean,
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion;
He ſang the bold anthem of *Erin go brah!*

O ſad is my fate! ſaid the heart broken ſtranger,
The wild deer and wolf, to a covert can fly;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A houſe and a country remain not for me.
Ah! never again in the green ſhady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, ſhall I paſs the gay hours;
Nor cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
Nor ſtrike to the numbers of *Erin go brah!*

O where is my cabin door faſt by the wild wood?
Siſters and ſire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that watch'd o'er my child-
hood?
And where is the boſom that's dearer than all?
Ah cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a manſion of peace, whence no perils can
chaſe me?
Ah! never again will my brothers embrace me,
They died to defend, or they live to deplore.

Yet all its fond recollections ſuppreſſing,
One dying wiſh my lone boſom ſhall bear,
Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his bleſſing,
Land of my forefathers—*Erin go brah!*
Buried and cold, when my heart ſtills its motion,
Green be thy fields, ſweeteſt iſle of the ocean!
And thy harp-ſtringing bards, ſing aloud with
devotion
Erin ma vourin—Erin go brah!

SONG.

ONCE I was blind and could not ſee,
And all was dark around;
But Providence did pity me,
And ſoon a friend I found;
Thro' ſecret paths my friend me led;
Such paths as babblers never tread.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

All ſtumbling blocks he took away,
That I might walk ſecure;
And bro't me long e'er break of day,
To Sol's bright temple door;

Where there we both admittance found,
By power of magic, ſpells and ſound.
The curber of my bold attempt,
Did then my breaſt alarm;
And hinted I was not exempt,
If raſh, from double harm;
Which quickly ſtopt my riſing pride,
And made me truſt more to my guide.

In ſolemn pace I was led up,
And paſs'd through the bright dome,
But ſoon I was oblig'd to ſtop,
Till I myſelf made known.
Then round in ancient form was brought,
T' obtain the favour that I ſought.

With humble poſture and due form,
I liſten'd with good will;
And found, inſtead of noiſe and ſtorm,
That all was huſh'd and ſtill;
And ſoon a heavenly ſound did hear,
That quite diſpell'd all doubt and fear.

The guardian of this myſtic charm,
In ſhining jewels dreſt,
Said, that I need to fear no harm,
If faithful was my breaſt;
For tho' to rogues he was ſevere,
No harm an honeſt man need fear.

Bright wiſdom, from his awful throne,
Bade darkneſs to withdraw;
No ſooner ſaid, but it was done,
And then—great things I ſaw;
But what they were—I now won't tell,
But ſafely in my breaſt ſhall dwell.

Then round and round me he did tie
An ancient noble charm;
Which future darkneſs will defy,
And ward off cowans harm:
Then I return'd from whence I came,
Not what I was, but what I am.

The Sentimentaliſt.

NOW we're launch'd on the world,
With our ſails all unfurl'd,
'Fore the wind, down the tides proudly poſting;
May the voyage of life,
Free from tempeſt and ſtrife,
Prove as calm as a ſmooth water coaſting;
But ſhould ſome ſudden ſquall, incidental to all,
Rouſe up reaſon to reef every ſail, boys,
May it be yours and my lot to have ſuch a pilot,
When paſſion increaſes the gale, boys.

For to what point ſoe'er
Of the compaſs we ſteer,
While the helm ſtill obeys our direction;
'Tis as true as the light,
That the ſports of the night
Will ne'er ſhrink from the morning's reflection.
And when reſt or refreſhment ſucceeds work or play,
Of enjoyment from both to be certain;
May true friendſhip's hand draw the cork ev'ry day,
And true love ev'ry night draw the curtain.

But blow high or blow low,
Let it rain, freeze, or ſnow,
And clay cold and wet ſhould our birth be;
The lamb newly ſhorn,
Shews the blaſt may be borne,
Let our ſtation on ſea or on earth be.
And as poor Robin Redbreaſt will chirp on the ſpray,
Almoſt ſtripp'd by the froſt of each feather,
May a conſcience as clear as the ſun at noon-day,
Keep us warm in the coldeſt of weather.

The Gleaners.

WHEN the roſy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme diſporting,
Sip the ſweets, and hail the dawn;
See, content, the humble gleaners,
Take the ſcatter'd ears that fall:
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

Warbling birds, the ſpring proclaiming,
Carol ſweet th' enlivening ſtrain;
They forſake their leafy dwelling,
To ſecure the golden grain.
See, content, &c.

When his weary taſk is over,
Ended with the ſetting ſun,
Soon the mind forgets its labour,
To his lowly cot does run.
See, content, &c.

Liſping babes all fly to meet him,
And receive a father's pray'r ;
His lov'd partner ſmiles to ſee them
Climb, the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.
See, content, &c.

Balmy ſleep attends his pillow,
Free from ſorrow, free from fear ;
Heav'n-born guards each moment watch him,
Peace and innocence live here.
See, content, &c.

The waves were huſh'd.

THE waves were huſh'd—the ſky ſerene,
When ſailing on the main,
Ben from the main-top view'd the ſcene,
And ſung in tender ſtrain :
Dear Sall, this picture round my neck,
Which bears thy likeneſs true,
Shall e'er my faithful boſom deck,
Which throbs for only you.

Still was the night when laſt on ſhore,
We took a parting kiſs,
And warm the vows each other ſwore,
To meet again in bliſs :
A token then my Sally gave,
'Tis this which now I view—
And in my heart ſhall ever live,
Which throbs for only you.

Sweet Sall, wherever you may rove,
Ah kindly think on me,
And this dear ſemblance of my love,
Shall prove I doat on thee :

Wherever bound by night or day,
Still as the needle true,
My conſtant heart ſhall never ſtray,
Which throbs for only you.

A SEA SONG.

TUNE—*Life's like a Sea.*

LET the toaſt be love and beauty,
While we quaff the gen'rous wine;
Bacchus calls us to our duty,
Where's the wretch that dare repine?
Life we know's a ſcene of trouble,
Jolly meſſmates ne'er deſpair;
We can prove the world a bubble,
Sailing on the ſeas of care.

While to windward we are plying,
Strictly here "Life's compaſs view;
And the ſhiv'ring topſails flying,
Bid yon craggy ſhore adieu."
Pleaſing gales around us veering,
While on board the "Good Intent;"
Like true ſeamen wiſely ſteering
To the "Harbour of content."

Gaily ſailing on the ocean,
Fill brave boys the flowing can;
Trim the ſails, obſerve their motion,
Fame and honour lead the van.
Let your pilot be diſcretion,
While the raging billows roar;
Providence by interceſſion
Lands us ſafely on the ſhore.

Ellen's Fate deſerves a Tear.

IN life's morn a maiden gay,
Meek Ellen wander'd light and free;
Where pleaſure wing'd the ſhining day,
Among the flowcry wilds of Dee:
In beauty like the vernal ſcene,
Like balmy gales her mind ſerene:
Till luckleſs love her heart oppreſs'd,
And baniſh'd from her boſom reſt.
Now ſhe warbles ſoft and ſlow,
Madrigals of plaintive wo;
Hear the tale, in pity hear,
Ellen's fate deſerves a tear.

A penſive pilgrim doom'd to ſtray,
Her ſtrains a ſettled grief impart,
But ſtill the love-lamenting lay
Is ſoothing to the mourner's heart;
Her ſongs no more from frenzy flow,
Her wildneſs now is chang'd to wo,
Which ſtill delight in tuneful lays,
To ſing of love and happier days.
Now ſhe warbles ſoft and ſlow,
Madrigals of plaintive wo;
Hear the tale, in pity hear,
Ellen's fate deſerves a tear.

TUNE—*Dibdin's Sailor's Journal.*

WHEN morn's approach had baniſh'd night,
And lovely May the world was cheering,
My infant boy beheld the light,
To greet a mother's fond endearing.

His beauties charm'd the village round,
So like his dad were all expreſſing,
In June the chriſtening bowl went round,
And ſweetly ſmil'd a parent's bleſſing.

'Twas Auguſt—ſcarce three years were o'er—
And ſweetly he began to prattle,
When an old ſhipmate reach'd the ſhore,
To tell his dad had fell in battle.
I wept—reflection dry'd my tears;
My boy requir'd each fond careſſing;
And with maternal hopes and fears
I watch'd a widow'd parent's bleſſing.

When bleak November's winds did blow,
To ſea his daring ſpirit ventur'd,
To part, my breaſt was fraught with wo,
For every hope in him was center'd.
Five times December's moon had paſt,
Deform'd by ſtorms full oft diſtreſſing,
When o'er the beach tript home in haſte,
To glad my heart, a parent's bleſſing.

SONG.

A SOLDIER is the nobleſt name
Enroll'd upon the liſts of fame,
His country's pride and boaſt;
Honour, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws his ſword,
Should ne'er be ſtain'd or loſt.
To guard her rights and liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to reſpect,
And to the verge of life protect
The innocent and fair.

When glory ſent her legions forth,
Her influence ſpread from ſouth to north,
There freedom ſoon appear'd.
'Twas there ſhe found her fav'rite Son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world rever'd;
When ſmiling, thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
"Columbia's ſons draw near;
A ſoldier's duty ne'er forget,
Behold the great example ſet,
The ſchool of honour here."

The African.

WIDE over the tremulous ſea
The moon ſpread her mantle of light,
And the gale gently dying away,
Breath'd ſoft on the boſom of night:
On the forecaſtle Maraton ſtood,
And pour'd forth his ſorrowful tale;
His tears fell unſeen in the flood,
His ſighs paſs'd unheard in the gale.

Ah, wretch! in his anguiſh he cry'd,
From country and liberty torn;
Ah! Maraton, would thou hadſt died,
Ere o'er the ſalt waves thou wert borne.
Flow ye tears, down my cheek ever flow,
Soft ſleep from mine eye-lids depart,
And ſtill let the arrow of wo
Drink deep of the ſtream of my heart.

But hark!—on the ſilence of night,
My Adela's accents I hear!

And mournful, beneath the wan light,
I ſee her lov'd image appear ;
Oh Maraton !—haſte thee, ſhe cries,
Where the reign of oppreſſion is o'er ;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adela ſorrows no more.

The Sailor.

IF round the world poor ſailors roam,
And bravely do their duty,
When danger's paſt they find a home,
With each his favourite beauty.

For Nan, and Sue, and Moll, and Beſs,
And fifty more delight them,
And when their honied lips they preſs,
Who ſays it don't requite them ?

If rich he comes, what pleaſure then,
If Nancy does not ſhare it,
If poor, he ſcorns then to complain,
For Nancy too will bear it.

What lubber then like him ſo gay,
His grog drowns all his ſorrow,
For, if it ſhould be foul to-day,
'Tis ſure to right to-morrow.

He ſprings on ſhore, aſſur'd to meet
The partner lov'd moſt dearly,
In merry dance, with nimble feet,
To pipe and tabor cheerly.

The Seaman.

THE man whoſe life is on the ſeas,
No harping cares moleſt,
His hopes ſtill freſhen with the breeze,
His thoughts in Nancy bleſt;
The hardeſt fortune he can bear,
Since love his labour charms,
'Tis Nancy's image ſoothes his care,
Tho' abſent from her arms.

His happy boſom knows no ill,
He ſings his cheerful ſong,
While, round, the flip his meſſmates fill,
Nor think the mid-watch long.
The helm's-man now he ready ſtands,
With love's ſweet hope impreſt;
The wheel ſtill govern'd by his hands,
The compaſs in his breaſt.

Honeſt Ned.

NED oft had brav'd the field of battle,
Had oft endur'd the keeneſt wo,
Had been where deep-mouth'd cannons rattle,
And oft been wounded by the foe;
His heart was kind—to fear a ſtranger,
The name of ſoldier was his pride;
He nobly ſcorn'd to ſhrink from danger,
And on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid Ned, whate'er befalls,
A ſoldier ſcorns to flinch or whine,
He'll cheerly go where duty calls,
And brave all ills, but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd ſincere the charming Kitty,
She ſaw with tears her ſoldier go,
And pray'd kind Heaven to grant her pity,
And ſhield her Edward from the foe;
My love, he cried, thy grief give over,
Thoſe tears diſgrace a ſoldier's bride,
But hapleſs Kitty loſt her lover,
Who on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid Ned, &c.

Though war's dread trumpet flew around him,
Though diſmal groans aſſail'd his ear,
Firm in her intereſt honour found him,
Unus'd to ſhame, untaught by fear:
Such was his valour, ſuch his merit,
His country's welfare was his pride,
He, pierc'd by wounds, maintain'd his ſpirit,
And on the bed of honour died.
For, ſaid Ned, &c.

The Young Man's Wiſh.

FREE from the buſtle, care and ſtrife,
Of this ſhort variegated life,
O let me ſpend my days
In rural ſweetneſs, with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend,
Nor cenſure heed, or praiſe.

Riches bring cares—I aſk not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envy not the great:
'Tis theſe alone can make me bleſt;
The riches take of eaſt and weſt,
I claim not theſe, or ſtate.

Though not extravagant nor near,
But through the well ſpent chequer'd year,
I'd have enough to live ;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Aſſiſt him in diſtreſs, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wiſh, to ſweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,
Young, ſenſible and fair ;
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And ſooth my every care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I cheerfully would ſpend,
With no vain thoughts oppreſt ;
If Heav'n has bliſs for me in ſtore,
O grant me this, I aſk no more,
And I am truly bleſt.

SONG.

AWAKE, my muſe, with ſprightlieſt lay,
And ſing the charms of verdant May,
The pride of all the year—
Reclin'd by ſome fair river ſide,
Whoſe chriſtal ſtreams ſoft murm'ring glide,
And countleſs ſweets appear.

Hark from amid yon vocal buſh,
The blackbird, linnet and the thruſh,

In concert tune the lay ;
Or in ſome ſilent midnight hour
Her plaint ſad Philomela pour,
From off the leafy ſpray.

Now beauteous nature ſmiles around,
And varied tints adorn the ground,
And every valley ſings :
The riſing crops on yonder hills
With hope the farmer's boſom fills,
What joys the ſeaſon brings.

Hail ! happy month, when Albions fair
On every verdant walk appear,
And ſtrike the admiring eye :
Or in ſome cloſe ſequeſtered grove,
They liſten to ſome tale of love,
Secure from every eye.

But, charming maid, with caution move,
Nor let that falſe intruder love
Thy happy breaſt invade ;
Truſt not too far enticing man,
Who in this yielding ſeaſon can
To what he will perſuade.

But chooſe ſome youthful, ſpotleſs mind,
Who free from all deceit you find,
To him be kind and true !
Then wiſhes ſoft, and rapt'rous joy,
Shall all your raviſh'd thoughts employ,
And every month be May.

SONG.

COME let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Aſſembled on merry occaſion:
Let's be happy and ſing,
For life is a ſpring
To a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The word or the ſign
Of a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Nor why the great men of the nation
Should aprons put *on*,
And make themſelves one
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride,
We have on our ſide,

To keep up our old reputation :
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
And juſt to the fair,
They'll truſt us on any occaſion :
No mortal can more
The ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
By each Brother firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on :
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

CHORUS.

No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt } *Three times.*
As a Free and an Accepted Maſon.

The Woodman.

FAR remov'd from noiſe or ſmoke,
Hark! I hear the Woodman's ſtroke,
Who dreams not as he fells the oak,
The miſchief dire he brews :
How art may ſhape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and eaſe,

He weighs not matters ſuch as theſe;
But ſings, and hacks and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree ſhall form the ſpruce ſedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where oyſter Nan
So runs her vulgar rig:
The ſtage, where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or elſe a quack's, perhaps the ſtocks,
Or poſts for ſigns, or barber's blocks,
Where ſmiles the parſon's wig.

Thou mak'ſt, bold peaſant, oh what grief,
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The ſeat where ſits the grave Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobler's ſtall—
Thou pampereſt life in every ſtage,
Mak'ſt folly's whim, pride's equipage,
For children toys—crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet juſtice let us ſtill afford,
Theſe chairs and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confeſs the Woodman's ſtroke:
He made the preſs that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine—
The hall itſelf where tiplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

The Shepherd Boy.

ONCE friends I had, but ah! too ſoon,
Death robb'd me of my parents dear,

Left me to mourn my wretched doom,
And wander friendleſs in deſpair;
Forlorn o'er hills and dales I rov'd,
Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy,
At length a ſwain, by pity mov'd,
Made me an humble Shepherd's Boy.

Soon as I view the dawn of day,
To flow'ry plains my flocks I lead,
And whilſt for food my lambkins ſtray,
On ſome lone bank I tune my reed.
Did thoſe who bathe in ſeeming bliſs,
Once taſte the ſweets that I enjoy,
They'd wiſh for humble happineſs,
And envy me the Shepherd Boy.

When down the weſtern ſky, the ſun
Deſcends to gladden eaſtern climes,
'Tis then my daily toil is done,
And I to reſt repair betimes;
In ruſtic garb 'tis true I'm clad,
Yet nothing does my peace annoy,
And tho' my fortune is but ſad,
Still Heaven may bleſs the Shepherd Boy.

The Girl of my Heart.

HOW ſweet is the breeze at eve's modeſt hour,
When it murmurs yon lime trees among;
When the blackbird and thruſh ſo enchantingly pour
Their melodious ſweetneſs of ſong;
When ſlowly adown from the warm glowing weſt,
The bright ſun is ſeen to depart,

When all paſſions but love are huſh'd into reſt,
I fly to the girl of my heart.

My Anna is gentle, is lovely and kind,
Her boſom true ſympathy warms ;
Enchanting alike are her perſon and mind,
Each poſſeſſes a portion of charms ;
For a maiden ſo lovely,—a charmer ſo bright,
Who uſes no coquetiſh art ;
I reſign all the trifles that others delight,
And fly to the girl of my heart.

Her eyes that ſo languidly ſpeak ſoft deſire,
Her cheeks that ſo rival the roſe,
In my boſom the ſofteſt emotions inſpire,
And charm my fond heart to repoſe ;
And when her ſweet accents enraptur'd I hear,
Through my ſoul they ſo thrillingly dart ;
Oh ! what ſounds of ſweet melody ſtrike my rapt ear,
When I meet—the ſweet girl of my heart.

A SEA SONG.

TUNE—*Dibdin's Chelſea Penſioner.*

ON board the good ſhip Molly
I ſail'd from Portſmouth Sound,
And left behind my Polly,
To trace the world around.
To fear I am no ſtranger,
But jovial, bold and free ;
And for to brave all danger
Reſolv'd to go to ſea.

And now on board ſo cheerly
I drink my flip and grog ;
My meſſmates love me dearly,
And call me jolly dog.
To reef, or luff, or mount the ſhrouds
So merrily am I,
Or on the main-top face the clouds,
Drunk, ſober, wet or dry.

To America then, with pleaſure,
I bid a long farewel,
In hopes to gain ſome treaſure,
And poverty repel.
But if on board the Molly
A fatal cannon ball
Should rob me of my Polly,
Why then adieu to all.

The Welch Quack.

I'M nick-nam'd Quack by every prig,
Where ſenſe or nonſenſe borders ;
Without diploma, care, or wig,
I cures the worſt diſorders ;
The gout, ſciatica, the ſtone,
Your fevers, ague, phthiſic ;
The gout, conſumption, every one
Yields to all-healing phyſic.
On reſtoratives I'm quite intent ;
Each patient's ills diſcover,
Lord ! if folks die 'tis accident,
'Tis chance if they recover.

A great chance indeed, I keep ſo continually plying them—

With cupping, drenching, couching, clyſter,
Emetic, bleeding, ſweating, bliſter,
Diet, bolus, doſe or pill—
Ye potion, lotion makers!
Like you I'm oft, with all my ſkill,
A friend to undertakers.

I patient viſiting eſſay'd,
One who in dangerous way was,
When laſt I call'd (oh death to trade!)
My dying man at play was!
"My preſcription's done't" ſays I, "now ſpeak,
You follow'd it.—I knew it."
"No! if I had, I'd broke my neck,
I out of window threw it."
"Avaunt, throw phyſic to the dogs,
(Fine food for grim death's laughter,)
Your recipe, you firſt of rogues,
You ſoon ſhall bundle after!"

Don't come here to ſell your poiſons at ſo much an ounce, Mr. Gallipot, for if you do, you ſhall ſwallow them yourſelf, and puzzle all Warwick Lane to tell what diſorder you died of.

With you cupping, &c.

He prov'd himſelf, tho' lacking ſkill,
No friend to undertakers!
To Guttle's next I ſped in haſte,
Whoſe girl a ſtingy ſaint is!
He chok'd was at a city feaſt,
And died brimful of dainties:
My bill I ſhew'd ma'am in a crack,
Says ſhe it will not do, Sir;
Lord, if you had your bottles back,
I'm ſure you'd be no loſer!

She vow'd I'd kill'd him, ſhould repent,
To poiſon ſuch a lover!
Lord, if folks die 'tis accident,
'Tis chance if they recover!

If I had my bottles back! what an unconſcionable woman; ſhe thinks nothing of my great expenſe, for corks, and packthread, and paper, beſide all—

My cupping, &c.

How d'ye do?

'TWAS in the green meadows ſo gay,
Where lovers their paſſions repeat,
Young William did tenderly ſay,
"How d'ye do?" as we happen'd to meet;
"How d'ye do, Sir?" again anſwer'd I,
Not thinking of harm, it is true,
When Echo (or elſe may I die)
Reply'd in return, "How d'ye do?"
Echo.—"How d'ye do?"
Reply'd in return, "How d'ye do?"

In vain we explor'd all around,
No creature whatever was near,
Alas! what a wonderful ſound,
"How d'ye do?" we could both of us hear.
Sure Cupid lay hidden hard by,
And gave gentle Echo the cue,
For ſtill it continued to cry,
I vow and proteſt—"How d'ye do?"
Echo—"How d'ye do?"

Says William, "dear girl, never mind,
Since Echo can do us no harm,"

Then kiſs'd me both tender and kind,
And circled my waiſt with his arm ;
Let Hymen, he cried, make us one ;
I agreed the advice to purſue !
Now Echo, ſays I, babble on,
Which it did ſure enough—" How d'ye do ?"
Echo—" How d'ye do ?"
Which it did ſure enough—" How d'ye do ?"

SONG.

IN early youth to fear a ſtranger,
Contemning indolence and eaſe,
In Paria's cauſe I courted danger,
And vent'rous plough'd the ſtormy ſeas.
I dreaded not the cannon's thunder,
Let bullets rage their wonted ſcope,
Or tempeſt ſplit our bark aſunder,
The tar's ſheet-anchor ſtill was hope.

In hammock lull'd to ſleep, or waking,
The mid-watch come, or ſlung the bowl,
Or ſignal guns, diſtreſs beſpeaking,
Implore for aid, while tempeſts howl ;
Or when the battle's heat is raging,
With force ſuperior oft we cope,
The mind to placid eaſe aſſuaging,
The tar's ſheet-anchor ſtill is hope.

SONG, *in no Song no Supper.*

A SAILOR'S life's a life of wo,
He works now late, now early,

Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then? he takes it cheerly.
Bleſs'd with a ſmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, riſe or fall,
To fate's laſt verge he'll jog;
The kedge to weigh,
The ſheets belay,
He does it with a wiſh;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head
The pond'rous anchor fiſh.
For while the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:
We ſing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and ſwear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And ſwig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring ſeas,
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſs'd with the ſmiling grog we fly
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high;
Spite of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck,
To clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief:

Though perils threat around,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man :
We ſing a little, &c.

But yet think not our caſe is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us ;
For coming home, (a ſweet reward !)
With ſmiles our ſweethearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gaily ſing and laugh ;
The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl,
The petticoat diſplay ;
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey :
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.
We ſing a little, &c.

SONG, *in the Slaves of Algiers, or a ſtruggle for freedom.*

THE roſe juſt burſting into bloom,
Admir'd where'er 'tis ſeen ;
Diffuſes round a rich perfume,
The garden's pride and queen.
When gather'd from its native bed,
No longer charms the eye ;
Its vivid tints are quickly fled,
'Twill wither, droop, and die.

So woman, when by nature dreſt
In charms devoid of art,
Can warm the ſtoic's icy breaſt,
Can triumph o'er each heart;
Can bid the ſoul to virtue riſe,
To glory prompt the brave,
But ſinks oppreſs'd, and drooping dies,
When once ſhe's made a ſlave.

Gentle Mary of the Tweed.

THE gentle maid of whom I ſing,
Once liv'd where Tweed's blue waters wave,
But now the modeſt flower of ſpring
Hangs weeping o'er her dewy grave.
Fond nymphs! of Mary's fate beware,
Of perjur'd William's vows take heed,
Leſt you ſhould love, and then deſpair,
Like gentle Mary of the Tweed.

Though long he woo'd the lovely maid,
And ſhe was faithful in return,
To ev'ry ſenſe of honour dead,
He fled, and left the fair to mourn!
Alarm'd at her falſe lover's flight,
Her fair companions ſought the mead,
To ſink the hopes, in endleſs night,
For gentle Mary of the Tweed.

She heard—but ſcorning to upbraid,
She breath'd alone the ſecret ſigh,
For graceful pride induc'd the maid
To hide her wrongs from ev'ry eye.

Here, in theſe ſhades, a prey to griefs,
  She tun'd to plaintive ſtrains the reed;
Till death, from wo a bleſt relief,
  Smote gentle Mary of the Tweed.

Now, in her turf-bound grave, at reſt,
  Where yonder willow droops its head,
With hopeleſs care no more oppreſs'd,
  She ſleeps beneath the waving ſhade.
The cruel wrongs are all forgot
  Which forc'd her virgin heart to bleed:
Fond nymphs! be yours a milder lot,
  Than gentle Mary's of the Tweed.

Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,
  O'er ſeas and diſtant ſhores,
With merry ſong and jocund tales,
  I've paſs'd ſome pleaſing hours:
Tho' wan'dring thus I ne'er could find
  A girl like blitheſome Sally;
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
  Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

From whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
  From neſting of each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to lead,
  So ſocial, gay, and free:
Yet, tho' the laſſes love as well,
  And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her, who cries,
  Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

I'm now return'd, of late diſcharg'd,
To uſe my native toil;
From fighting in my country's cauſe,
To plough my country's ſoil;
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I poſſeſs my Sally,
That little merry nymph, who cries,
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

MASTER's SONG.

Tune—"*Greenwich Penſioner.*"

I SING the Maſon's glory,
Whoſe prying mind doth burn,
Unto complete perfection,
Our myſteries to learn;
Not thoſe who viſit Lodges
To eat and drink their fill;
Not thoſe who at our meetings
Hear lectures 'gainſt their will;

CHORUS.

But only thoſe whoſe pleaſure
At every lodge can be,
T' improve themſelves by lectures,
In glorious Maſonry.
Hail! glorious Maſonry!

The faithful worthy Brother,
Whoſe heart can feel for grief;
Whoſe boſom with compaſſion
Steps forth to its relief;
Whoſe ſoul is ever ready,
Around him to diffuſe
The principles of Maſons,
And guard them from abuſe;

CHORUS.

Theſe are thy ſons, whoſe pleaſure,
At every Lodge, will be,
T' improve themſelves by lectures,
In glorions Maſonry.
Hail! glorious Maſonry!

King Solomon, our patron,
Tranſmitted this command,
" The faithful and praiſeworthy,
True light muſt underſtand;
And my deſcendants, alſo,
Who're ſeated in the *Eaſt*,
Have not fulfill'd their duty,
Till light has reach'd the *Weſt*."

CHORUS.

Therefore, our higheſt pleaſure
At every Lodge, ſhould be,
T' improve ourſelves by lectures,
In glorious Maſonry.
Hail! glorious Maſonry!

My duty and my ſtation,
As Maſter in the chair,
Obliges me to ſummon
Each brother to prepare;
That all may be enabled,
By ſlow, though ſure degrees,
To anſwer in rotation,
With honour and with eaſe.

CHORUS.

Such are thy ſons, whoſe pleaſure
At every lodge will be,
T' improve themſelves by lectures,
In glorious Maſonry.
Hail! glorious Maſonry!

New-Year, or Feſtival Song.

COME Brothers, let us cheerful ſing,
Who can our arts diſcover?
For friendſhip, like a boiling ſpring,
Flows conſtant for each other.
Let's crown the feſtival with mirth,
And hail the great myſterious birth,
That adds ſuch friendſhip here on earth,
As makes a faithful Brother.

While jarring diſcords ſeparate
The firmeſt bands of unity,
Of every claſs, of every ſtate,
Except it be Freemaſonry;
Our arts are form'd ſo juſt and pure,
They will from age to age endure,
And in the boſom reſt ſecure,
With all that gain the myſtery.

Our manners we derive and wear,
From actors we diſcover;
Let's cheerful hear him in the chair,
And each proclaiming Brother.
And as we now begin the year,
Let love and friendſhip fill the ear,
With cordial harmony ſincere,
To every faithful Brother.

The greateſt man found in the land,
Of this, or any other,
Will take a Brother by the hand,
And bid him welcome hither.

O may their fame in raptures roll,
And wide extend from pole to pole;
There's no ſuch friendſhip for the ſoul,
No, not with one another.

Where is an art with Maſons vie?
None—ſay the wiſe, of every tongue;
Yet ſo ſecure, from thought, or eye,
And handed down from ſire to ſon.
Now let each celebrate the ſtrain
That echoes with a Maſon's name,
And all as one ſalute the fame
Of our Grand Maſter WASHINGTON.

SONG.

DEAR Brothers of fraternal mind,
Whom virtue, truth and honour bind,
In whom the ſons of ſcience find
No ſly diſſimulation;
Accept a tribute juſtly due,
From a fond heart, faithful and true,
Accept a tender, ſad adieu,
And believe
That I grieve,
Your worthy ſocial band to leave,
Becauſe I am a Maſon.

Yet though remote from you I ſtray,
Where fickle fortune leads the way,
Your mem'ry in my breaſt ſhall ſtay,
While I have reſpiration:
And let me hold that fond idea,
That you will mind unworthy me,
Whene'er you meet in ſocial glee:

Give a toaſt,
Let me boaſt
The friendſhip of your noble hoſt.
I aſk it as a Maſon.

If e'er the Syrens of the age
Have drawn me from your myſtic gage,
Pray blot the error from the page
Of rigid obſervation.
Your kindneſs on my heart I'll write,
And all unkindneſs from my ſight,
I'll baniſh to eternal night.
Let us be
Maſons free;
Forgive, likewiſe forgiven be,
The creed of every Maſon.

Your choiceſt love I oft did ſhare,
Your brighteſt badge did often wear,
Plac'd in the Oriental chair,
By myſtic inſtallation;
And by the emblematic three,
Diſpers'd the gifts of Maſonry,
Till the meridian hour we ſee;
Then we may
Wet our clay,
And paſs an hour cheerful and gay,
In grateful relaxation.

A liſtening ear obtain our art,
A ſilent tongue will ne'er impart
The ſecrets of a faithful heart,
Whatever the temptation:
Honour and truth will ſtill combine
To dignify the grand deſign,
And love will through their actions ſhine,

With a mind
Juſt and kind,
And all their pleaſures are refin'd,
So happy in a Maſon.

Then faith, upheld by reaſon's voice,
Their hopes foretell enjoyment's choice,
In charity their hearts rejoice
In bleſs'd conciliation.
When unforeſeen misfortunes preſs
The ſons and daughters of diſtreſs,
With kind fraternal tenderneſs,
Prompt relief
Sooth their grief,
Of their pleaſure 'tis the chief
To raiſe a fallen Maſon.

Humanity, that virtue bright,
Friendſhip ſo lovely to the ſight,
Brotherly love their hearts unite,
And bleſs each friendly action.
No doating ſot their mirth ſhall wound,
No minor knows their rights profound,
No atheiſt treads the hallow'd ground,
No alloy
To their joy;
Pleaſures pure, which never cloy
Belong to ev'ry Maſon.

May friendſhip, harmony and love
Your guardians and companions prove,
Till the celeſtial Lodge above,
Shall be each brother's ſtation:
But death, the level, time the line,
And plumb of juſtice muſt combine,
To fit us for that bliſs divine.

Then ſhall we
Happy be ;
Towards the Eaſt we'll bow the knee
To our Grand Maſter Maſon.

SONG.

CONVEN'D we're met, my jovial ſouls,
With ſparkling wine come fill our bowls,
Let concord be the toaſt ;
With glaſs in hand let each agree
To ſing in praiſe of Maſonry,
What mortal more can boaſt ?

Here dove-ey'd peace, celeſtial maid,
Stands ready waiting for to aid,
And guard the ſacred door :
Here's charity from heaven ſent,
To bring her freeborn ſons content,
And comfort to the poor.

See in the Eaſt effulgent ſhine,
Bright Wiſdom with his rays divine,
Hark ! hark the ſolemn ſound:
" While thus we live in mutual love,
" We taſte what angels do above,
" Here happineſs is found.

" The fruit of Eden's tree we taſte,
" Its balmy joys are our repaſt,
" Here freedom cheers the heart ;
" The indigent, oppreſt with grief,
" Gains from his brother's hand relief,
" Each to his wants impart.

" The great and good with us combine
" To trace our myſteries divine,
" And find the pleaſing light ;
" With pleaſure we purſue the plan,
" While friendſhip rivets man to man,
" How pleaſing is the ſight."

United thus our ſtructure ſtands,
Untouch'd by ſacrilegious hands,
A monument of fame ;
Nor envious foes ſhall e'er deface
The virtues that our order grace,
Or blaſt a Maſon's name.

Till Heaven ſends her ſummons forth,
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
Her choſen ſons to call ;
While time runs its continual round,
Shall fame with golden trumpet ſound,
Maſons ſhall never fall.

SONG.

ASSEMBLED and tyl'd, let us ſocial agree
With the Maſon that ſits on a throne ;
For he charges a glaſs, and round lets it paſs,
To celebrate ancient St. John.

Tho' babblers may prattle in ſhewing their ſpleen,
Their ſpite we compare to the drone ;
For in ſweet harmony in love we'll agree,
To celebrate ancient St. John.

The world is in pain, our ſecrets to gain,
In ignorance let them think on ;
For in ſweet harmony in love we'll agree,
To celebrate ancient St. John.

With toaſt after toaſt, let us drink, laugh and ſing,
Remember the great WASHINGTON;
For his actions are rare, by the compaſs and ſquare,
Thus celebrate ancient St. John.
Then join hand in hand, in a body firm ſtand,
Our cares and our troubles are gone;
Let us love, laugh and ſing, and Waſhington bring
To celebrate ancient St. John.

SONG.

COME, are you prepar'd,
Your ſcaffolds well rear'd?
Bring mortar and temper it purely;
'Tis all ſafe, I hope,
Well brac'd with each rope,
Your ledgers and putlocks ſecurely.

Then next your bricks bring,
It is time to begin,
For the Sun with its rays is adorning;
The day's fair and clear,
No rain you need fear,
'Tis a charming and lovely fine morning.

Pray where are your tools,
Your plumb line and rules?
Each man to his work let him ſtand, boys;
Work ſolid and ſure,
Upright and ſecure;
And your building, be ſure, will be ſtrong boys.

Pray make no miſtake,
But true your joints brake,
And take care that you follow your leaders;

Work, rake, beck and tueth,
And make your work ſmooth,
And be ſure that you fill up your headers.

SONG.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye jovial Maſons free ;
Come follow all the rules
That e'er were taught in ſchools,
By Solomon, that Maſon King,
Who honour to the craft did bring.

He's juſtly call'd the wiſe,
His fame doth reach the ſkies,
He ſtood upon the ſquare,
And did the Temple rear ;
With true level, plumb and gauge,
He prov'd the wonder of the age.

The mighty Maſon Lords
Stood firmly to their words,
They held it in eſteem,
For which they're juſtly deem'd :
Why ſhould not their example prove
Our preſent craft to live in love ?

The royal art, and word,
Is kept upon record,
With upright hearts and pure,
While ſun and moon endure ;
Not written but indented on
The heart of every Free Maſon.

And as for Hiram's art,
We need not to impart,

The Scripture plainly ſhews
From whence his knowledge flows;
His genius was ſo much refin'd,
His peer he has not left behind.

Then let not any one
Forget the widow's ſon,
But toaſt his memory
In glaſſes charg'd full high,
And when our proper time is come,
Like brethren part, and ſo go home.

SONG.

KING Solomon, that wiſe projector,
In Maſonry took great delight;
And Hiram, that great architector,
Whoſe actions ſhall ever ſhine bright.
From the heart of a true honeſt Maſon
There's none can the ſecret remove;
Our maxims are juſtice, morality,
Friendſhip and brotherly love.

CHORUS.

Then who would not be a Free-Maſon,
So happy and ſocial are we;
To all honeſt men we are Brothers,
And in every Lodge we are free.

We meet like true friends on the level,
And lovingly part on the ſquare;
Alike we reſpect king and beggar,
Provided they're juſt and ſincere.
We ſcorn an ungenerous action,
None can with Free Maſons compare;

We love for to live within compaſs,
By rules that are honeſt and fair.
Cho. *Then who, &c.*

We exclude all talkative fellows,
That will babble and prate paſt their wit,
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
For they're neither worthy, nor fit;
But the perſon that's well recommended,
And we find him honeſt and true,
When our lodge is well tyl'd we'll prepare him,
And, like Maſons, our work we'll purſue.
Cho. *Then who, &c.*

Succeſs to all accepted Maſons,
There's none can their honour pull down;
For e'er ſince the glorious creation
Theſe great men are held in renown.
When Adam was King of all nations,
He formed a plan with all ſpeed;
And ſoon made a fit habitation
For him and his companion Eve.
Cho. *Then who, &c.*

There's ſome fooliſh people reject us,
For which they are highly to blame,
They cannot ſhew any objection,
Or reaſon for doing the ſame.
The art's a divine inſpiration,
As all honeſt men will declare;
So here's to all true hearted brothers,
That live within compaſs and ſquare.
Cho. *Then who, &c.*

Like an arch well cemented together,
Thus firmly united we ſtand,
And juſtly ſupport one another,
With plumb line and level in hand.

Till the world is conſumed by fire,
And judgment is paſs'd on us all,
They ne'er ſhall come into our ſecret,
Or we from Free-Maſonry fall.
Cho. *Then who, &c.*

SONG.

TUNE—"*A Roſe-Tree in full bearing.*"

COLUMBIA's ſons, attend awhile,
To one who will the truth impart,
And ſhew that you are in exile
Till ſcience guides you by our art;
Uncultivated paths you tread,
Unlevel'd, barren, blindfold be,
Till by a myſt'ry you are led
Into the light of maſonry.

From chaos this round globe was form'd,
A pedeſtal for us to be,
A mighty *column* it adorn'd,
In juſt proportion *rais'd* were we;
When our *Grand Architect* above
An arch ſoon rais'd by his decree,
And plac'd the ſun the arch key-ſtone,
The whole was form'd by maſonry.

It pleas'd our ſov'reign maſter then
This glorious fabric to erect;
Upon the ſquare let us, as men,
Never the noble work neglect;
But ſtill in friendſhip's bonds unite,
Unbounded as infinity,
'Tis a ſure corner-ſtone fix'd right,
And worthy of Free-Maſonry.

In ancient times before the flood,
And ſince, in friendſhip we've adher'd,
From pole to pole have firmly ſtood,
And by all nations been rever'd.
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move,
We from oblivion rais'd ſhall be;
Then, ſince we're met in peace and love,
Let's ſing *All hail to Maſonry.*

SONG.

IN times of old date, when (as ſtories relate)
Good men to the gods had admiſſion,
When thoſe who were griev'd might with eaſe be reliev'd,
By offering an humble petition;
Some few, who remain'd in their morals unſtain'd,
Submiſſively made application,
To build a retreat, if the gods ſhould think meet,
To ſhield them from wicked invaſion.

Delighted to find there were yet in mankind
Some laudable ſentiments planted,
Without heſitation they gave approbation,
And inſtant their wiſhes were granted.
Then for artiſts they ſought, and fam'd architects brought,
Who the various employments were ſkill'd in;
Each handled his tools, and by ſcience and rules
They ſtraightway proceeded to building.

Fair wiſdom began firſt to ſketch out the plan
By which they were all to be guided;

Each order ſhe made was exactly obey'd,
When the portions of work ſhe divided.
The great corner-ſtone was by charity done,
But ſtrength was the principal builder;
When for mortar they cry'd, 'twas by friendſhip ſupply'd,
And Beauty was carver and gilder.

Having long perſever'd, a Grand Temple they rear'd,
A refuge from folly and ſcandal;
Where all who reſide are in virtue employ'd,
Nor fear the attacks of a Vandal.
But if in their rage they ſhould ever engage
In th' attempt, 'twould be always prevented;
The door is ſo high, 'twould be madneſs to try,
And the walls are all ſtrongly cemented.

The gods all agreed 'twas an excellent deed,
And to ſhew the affection they bore 'em,
A treaſure they gave, which the tenants ſtill have,
Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.
Thus bleſs'd from above with a token of love,
Each brother with joy ſhould receive it;
Safe lock'd in his heart, it ſhould never depart,
Till call'd for by Heaven that gave it.

SONG.

A MASON's life's the life for me,
With joy we meet each other,
We paſs our time with mirth and glee,
And hail each friendly Brother:

In Lodge no party feuds are ſeen,
But careful we in this agree,
To baniſh care or ſpleen:
The Maſter's call we one and all
With pleaſure ſoon obey;
With heart and hand we ready ſtand,
Our duty ſtill to pay.
But when the glaſs goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're all happy to a man;
We laugh a little, we drink a little,
We work a little, we play a little,
Cho. We laugh, &c.
We ſing a little, are merry a little,
And ſwig the flowing can,
And ſwig, &c.

See in the Eaſt the Maſter ſtands,
The Wardens South and Weſt, Sir,
Both ready to obey command,
Find work, or give us reſt, Sir.
The ſignal given, we all prepare,
With one accord obey the word,
To work by rule or ſquare:
Or if they pleaſe, the ladder raiſe,
Or plumb the level line.
Thus we employ our time with joy,
Attending every ſign;
But when the glaſs goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're all happy to a man;
We laugh a little, and drink a little,
We work a little, and play a little,
We ſing a little, are merry a little,
And ſwig the flowing can.

Th' Almighty ſaid, "let there be light;"
Effulgent rays appearing,
Diſpell'd the gloom, the glory bright
To this new world was cheering:
But unto Maſonry alone,
Another light ſo clear and bright,
In myſtic rays then ſhone;
From Eaſt to Weſt it ſpread ſo faſt,
And Faith and Hope unfurl'd,
And brought us thee, ſweet Charity,
Thou darling of the world.
Then while the toaſt goes round,
Let mirth and glee abound,
Let's be happy to a man;
We'll laugh a little, and drink a little,
We'll work a little, and play a little,
We'll ſing a little, be merry a little,
And ſwig the flowing can.

SONG.

WHEN quite a young ſpark,
I was in the dark,
And wanted to alter my ſtation;
I went to a friend,
Who prov'd in the end,
A free and an accepted Maſon.

At a door he then knock'd,
Which quickly unlock'd,
When he bid me to put a good face on,
And not be afraid,
For I ſhould be made
A free and an accepted Maſon.

My wiſhes were crown'd,
And a Maſter I found,
Who made a moſt ſolemn oration;
Then ſhew'd me the light,
And gave me the right
Sign, token, and word, of a Maſon.

How great my amaze,
When I firſt ſaw the blaze!
And how ſtruck with the myſtic occaſion!
Aſtoniſh'd I found,
Tho' free I was bound
To a free and an accepted Maſon.

When clothed in white,
I took great delight
In the work of this noble vocation:
And knowledge I gain'd
When the Lodge he explain'd
Of a free and an accepted Maſon.

I was bound it appears,
For ſeven long years,
Which to me is of trifling duration:
With freedom I ſerve,
And ſtrain every nerve
To acquit myſelf like a good Maſon.

A bumper then fill
With an hearty good will,
To our Maſter pay due veneration;
Who taught us the art
We ne'er will impart,
Unleſs to an accepted Maſon.

SONG.

OH! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,
Was as happy as happy could be,
But pleaſure is fled, even hope is deſtroy'd,
A captive, alas! on the ſea—
I was taken by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,
To tear me from her I adore.
When thought brings to mind my once happy eſtate
I ſigh, I ſigh, as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate, oh! how galling my chain,
My life's ſtemm'd by miſery's chart;
And though 'gainſt my tyrant I ſcorn to complain,
Tears guſh forth to eaſe my ſad heart.
I diſdain e'en to ſhrink tho' I feel ſharp the laſh,
Yet my heart bleeds for her I adore;
While round me the unfeeling billows will daſh,
I ſigh, &c.

How fortune deceives! I had pleaſure in tow,
The port where ſhe dwelt was in view,
But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was o'er-clouded with wo,
Dear Anne I hurried from you;
Our ſhallop was boarded, I borne away,
To behold my dear Anne no more,
Deſpair waſtes my ſpirits, my form feels decay,
He ſigh'd, he ſigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

SONG.

DISTRESS me with thoſe tears no more,
One kiſs, my love, and then adieu;

The laſt boat deſtin'd for the ſhore
Waits, deareſt girl, alone for you.
Soon, ſoon, before the light winds borne,
Shall I be ſever'd from your ſight;
You, left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep through many a ſtormy night.

When far along the reſtleſs deep,
In trim array the ſhip ſhall ſteer;
Your form remembrance ſtill ſhall keep,
Your worth, affection ſtill revere:
And with the diſtance from your eyes,
My love for you ſhall be increas'd,
As to the pole the needle lies,
And, fartheſt off, ſtill varies leaſt.

While round the bowl the cheerful crew
Shall ſing of triumphs on the main,
My thought ſhall fondly turn to you,
Of you alone ſhall be my ſtrain:
And when we've bow'd the leaguing foe,
Revengeful of my country's wrong,
Returning home my heart ſhall ſhew,
No fiction grac'd my artleſs ſong.

SONG.

HOW happy the woman, whoſe charms
Gain ſweet-hearts ſtuck all in a row!
That if one ſhould deſert from her arms,
She ſtill has two ſtrings to her bow.

Should Thomas prove falſe—could he rob
My heart of its quiet? Oh no—
For if Thomas is gone there is Bob:
I ſtill have two ſtrings to my bow.

Then 'tis not ſo common a thing
Can vex me, I'd have you to know!
Since I have two beaux to my ſtring,
As well as two ſtrings to my bow.

SONG.

IN ſtorms, when clouds obſcure the ſky,
And thunders roll, and light'nings fly—
In midſt of all theſe dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent paſſion prove;
Laſh'd to the helm,
Should ſeas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on ev'ry ſide,
And art is vain the ſhip to guide;
In varied ſhapes, when death appears,
The thought of thee my boſom cheers.
The troubled main, &c.

But ſhould the gracious pow'rs be kind—
Diſpel the gloom, and ſtill the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long loſt native ſhore:
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve,
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love!

SONG.

THE gladd'ning ſun returns from reſt,
To gild the clouds in yonder eaſt,
And darts his cheerful ray ;
The ſoaring lark begins to riſe,
Then warbles through the ſpacious ſkies,
And wakes the jocund day.

Come, lovely Sylvia, mild as May,
As freſh as morn, as fair as day,
Attend my rural theme :
The ſylvan ſhades invite my lays,
There fain I'd ſing my Sylvia's praiſe,
And tell my ardent flame.

Bright Phœbus decks the flow'ry lawn,
To ſport invites the wanton fawn,
And paints the chequer'd grove :
The purling ſtreams glide ſwift along,
And charming ſounds the linnet's ſong ;
O ſweet retreat for love.

Then let us to the ſhade retreat,
And ſcorn the trifles of the great,
Their pageantry and ſhow ;
There, free from coxcombs' prating noiſe,
Let's taſte the ſweets of rural joys,
Which peace and love beſtow.

SONG.

O NIGHTINGALE ! beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love :
O ſend that ſtrain, ſweet nightingale, to me.

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;
I love a maid who all my boſom charms;
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate,
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by nature's fare,
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care.

But we, vain ſlaves of int'reſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence in vain I languiſh for my bride:
O mourn with me, ſweet bird, my hapleſs flame!

SONG.

THE dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Diſpel thoſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh ſend ſome cheering ray of light
To guide me to my love.

Thus in a ſecret friendly ſhade,
The penſive Celia mourn'd,
While kindly echo lent its aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When ſudden Damon's well known face
Each riſing fear diſarms;
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

SONG.

OH fortune, how ſtrangely thy gifts are awarded !
How much to thy ſhame thy caprice is recorded !
As the wiſe, great and good of thy frowns ſeldom 'ſcape any ;
Witneſs brave Belliſarius who begg'd for a halfpenny.
Date obolum, Date obolum, Date obulum, Belliſarius.

He whoſe fame from his valour and his victories aroſe, Sir,
Of his country the ſhield, and the ſcourge of her foes, Sir,
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led, Sir,
With one foot in the grave thus to beg for his bread, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

When a young Roman knight in the ſtreet paſſing by, Sir,
The veteran ſurveyed with a heart-rending ſigh, Sir,
And a purſe in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear, Sir,
While the ſoldier's ſad tale thus attracted his ear, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, Sir,
I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages muſt bloom, Sir,

I've enrich'd her with wealth, ſwell'd her pride and her power, Sir,
I eſpous'd her for life, and diſgrace is my dower, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly waſted at random,
Loſing thouſands their lives with a *nil deſperandum*,
But each conqueſt I gain'd I made friend and foe know
That my ſoul's only aim was *pro publico bono*.
Date obolum, &c.

I no colonies loſt by attempts to enſlave them,
I of Romans' free rights never ſtrove to bereave them,
Nor, to bow down their necks to the yoke for my pleaſure,
Have an empire diſmembered, or ſquandered its treaſure.
Date obolum, &c.

Nor yet for my friends, my kindred nor myſelf, Sir,
Has my glory been ſtain'd by the baſe views of pelf, Sir,
For ſuch low, ſordid gains I've ſo far been from carving,
Old and blind I've no choice but of begging or ſtarving.
Date obolum, &c.

How, if ſoldier or ſtateſman, of what age or nation
Hereafter he may be, ſhould hear this relation,

And of eyeſight bereft ſhould, like me, grope his way, Sir,
The bright ſun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

So I to diſtreſs and to darkneſs inur'd, Sir,
In this vile cruſt of clay when no longer immur'd, Sir,
At death's welcome ſtroke my bright courſe ſhall begin, Sir,
And enjoy endleſs day from the ſunſhine within, Sir.
Date obolum, &c.

SONG.

WHILE zephyrs fan the verdant grove,
And flow'rets deck the plain;
While ſhepherds tell the nymphs their love,
And flaunt in pleaſure's train—
To yonder cottage of my fair
My anxious footſteps bend,
What joy ſo great as viewing there
A lover and a friend.

To her I fear not to diſcloſe
The ſecrets of my heart,
She bears a part in all my woes,
In all my joys a part!
If e'er ſhe weep I kiſs the tear
And bid her ſorrows end,
If ſhe is pleas'd, joy ſhows me near
A lover and a friend.

The youthful, innocent and gay,
Of ſpotleſs mind and mien,
She quickly ſteals all hearts away,
Wherever ſhe is ſeen ;
But tho' each ſhepherd's heart ſhe charms,
And all before her bend,
Round me alone ſhe throws her arms,
A lover and a friend.

Lady Waſhington.

SAW you my hero GEORGE,
I have travell'd o'er the plain,
And inquir'd of every ſwain,
But no tidings could I get of my GEORGE.

I ſaw not your hero,
But I'm told he's in the van,
Where the battle's juſt began,
But I haſte to take care of my men.

O'er hills and o'er dales, o'er mountains and plains,
Where the drums and the trumps ſound alarms,
O ! ye gods, I give you charge,
To protect my hero GEORGE,
And return him ſafe back to my arms.

SONG.

YE virgins, attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan ;

Ne'er let it be ſaid,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as faſt as you can.

As ſoon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd
To beat quick at the ſight of a man;
Then chooſe out a youth
With honour and truth,
And get married as faſt as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms ſoon will ſhroud,
And this whimſical life's but a ſpan;
Then, maids, make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as faſt as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will artfully take
Every method poor girls to trepan;
But baffle their ſnare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as faſt as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame ſtill continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the ſtings
That jealouſy brings,
But be conſtant, and bleſt while you can.

SONG.

NOW we are freed from college rules,
From common place-book reaſoning,

From trifling ſyllogiſtic ſchools,
And ſyſtem out of ſeaſon:
Never more will have defin'd,
If matter think or think not,
All the matter we've to mind,
To ſee who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphyſically to trace,
The mind or ſoul attracted,
Or prove infinity of ſpace,
By caſe or cauſe affected;
Better ſouls we can't become,
By immaterial thinking—
And as for ſpace, we want no room,
But juſt enough to drink in.

Plenum, *vacuum*, *minus*, *plus*,
Are learned words and rare too,
Thoſe terms our tutors may diſcuſs,
And thoſe who pleaſe may hear too.
A *plenum* in our wine we ſhow,
And *plus* and *plus* behind, Sir,
And when our caſh is *minus* low,
A *vacuum* ſoon we find, Sir.

Copernicus, that learned ſage,
Don Tycho's error proving,
Declaring, I can't tell what page,
The earth round Sol was moving;
But which goes round, what's that to us,
Each is perhaps a notion:
With earth and ſun we'll make no fuſs,
But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Gallileo ill was us'd,
By ſuperſtitious fury,

Antipodians were abus'd,
By ignoramus jury :
But feet to feet we do atteſt,
Nor fear a treatment ſcurvy,
For when we're drunk, *probatum eſt*,
We're tumbling topſy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and ſhades,
And different colours knew, Sir,
Don't let us diſturb our heads,
We will but ſtudy too, Sir.
White and red our glaſſes boaſt,
Reflection and refraction,
After him we'll name our toaſt,
The centus of attraction.

On that Theſis we'll declaim,
With *ſtratum ſuperſtructum*,
There's mighty magic in the name,
'Tis nature's *poſtulatum* :
Wine in nature's next to love,
Then wiſely let us blend them,
Firſt tho' phyſically prove,
Num tempus eſt virbendum.

SONG.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
Theſe walls can but echo my moan ;
Alas ! it increaſes my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.

Through the grate of my priſon I ſee,
The birds as they wanton in air :
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with deſpair !

Above, though oppreſt with my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.

Falſe woman! in all ages to come,
Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some hearts ſhall ſtill ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and diſmay,
With ſilence and ſolitude dwell;
How comfórtleſs paſſes the day!
How ſad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry;
Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around:
O Mary! prepare thee to die!
My blood it runs cold at the ſound!

SONG.

OF damaſk cheeks, and ſnowy neck,
Let other lovers tell:
Within the boſom of my fair,
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the graces of the mind,
In fair aſſemblage play;
There each endearing virtue ſheds
Its intellectual ray.

Unbounded ſympathy diſplays
Each captivating charm!
While friendſhip pure, and virtuous love,
Her tender boſom warm.

When that fair form ſhall ſink in age,
And all thoſe graces fly,
The beauty of that heav'nly mind
Shall length of years defy.

SONG.

A TAILOR I once was, as blithe as e'er need be,
Until love, alas, ſure the d—l had made me,
I that once was ſo luſty, was call'd Will the Rover,
Am now a poor ſkeleton, O! I am done over.

How many a day have I ſat with great pleaſure,
And cut out my cloth to my cuſtomer's meaſure,
With a full yard for cabbage, I liv'd then in Dover,
But Sue's cruel charms have me fairly done over.

When firſt I beheld her paſs by my ſhop window,
My gooſe being hot burnt a ſleeve to the cinder,
O! the girls do ſo jeer me, that I can go no where,
Was ever poor tailor ſo fairly done over.

The laſt time I ſaw her, was with a bold ſailor,
She ſneered and ſaid, there's the done over tailor,
Good bye, Mr. Stitch Cloth, I'm going to Dover,
Was ever poor tailor ſo fairly done over.

So now ſhe has left me and gone with the ſailor,
Thus left me alone a poor overdone tailor;
I ne'er more will cabbage, or be Will the Rover,
God grant I was dead, for I'm ſurely done over.

SONG.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?

Bendiſh, 'tis ſtrange—the charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wondrous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retired, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene—

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
Sweet rapture of the mind!
Till, on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall, ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He ſang "the eternal rolling flame,
That vital maſs, that, ſtill the ſame,
Does all our minds compoſe;
But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames;
Thence diff'ring ſouls of diff'ring names,
And jarring tempers roſe.

The Mighty Pow'r, that form'd the mind,
One mould for every two deſign'd,
And bleſs'd the new born pair;
"This be a match for this," he ſaid,
Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
To ſeek them bodies here.

But parting from their warm abode,
They loſt their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah! cruel chance, and croſſing fates!
Our eaſtern ſouls have dropp'd their mates
On Europe's barb'rous lands.

Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whoſe birth is to his own allied,
The ſweeteſt joy of life:
But oh! the crowds of wretched ſouls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds
And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife!"

Thus ſang the wondrous Indian bard;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard;
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
"Sure then," I cried, "might I but ſee
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.

"Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
Or diſtant ſeas detain?
Swift as the wheel of nature rolls,
I'd fly to meet and mingle ſouls,
And wear the joyful chain."

SONG.

ADIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains,
All nature mourning lie!
See gloomy clouds and threatening rains
Obſcure the azure ſky;
See from afar impending ſtorms,
In ſullen haſte appear,

See winter comes in dreary forms,
To rule the following year.

No more the lark, ſweet bird of May,
Shall riſe on active wing,
No more the lamb in ſportive play,
To hail reviving ſpring:
Thus Sephalander, much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms ſhall fail,
The lily droops, the roſe muſt fade,
And winter ſoon prevail.

No more the lambs in gambols bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd ſight!
No more the gay enamour'd ground,
The ſylvan ſcenes delight;
But youth, my fair, ſees no return,
In pleaſing bubbles o'er,
And when its fleeting joys we mourn,
They fall to riſe no more.

Haſte then, dear girls, the time improve,
Which youth can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain.
So ſhall life's joy, like jocund May,
Part ſmiling and ſerene,
Thus ſummer often glides away,
And winter cloſe the ſcene.

SONG.

AS Colonet with Phebe ſat,
Beneath the poplar grove,

The gentle youth with fondeſt truth,
Was telling tales of love:
Dear blooming maid, the ſhepherd ſaid,
My tender vows believe,
Thoſe downcaſt eyes and artleſs ſighs
Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

Though ſome there are, from fair to fair,
Delighting wild to rove,
Such change in me you ne'er ſhall ſee,
Thy charms ſecure my love;
Then Phebe now approve my vow,
Thy heart to friendſhip preſs'd,
One ſmile aſſume to grace thy bloom,
And make thy ſhepherd bleſs'd.

A bluſh o'erſpread her cheeks with red,
Which half ſhe turn'd aſide,
With pleaſing woes her boſom glows,
And thus the maid reply'd:
" Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,
And all thy heart's to pleaſe,
But, ah! is this a time for bliſs,
Or themes ſo ſoft as theſe?

" When all around we hear no ſound,
But war's terrific ſtrains,
The drum commands our armed bands,
And joins the ſturdy ſwains;
Our country's call arouſes all,
That dare be brave and free,
My love ſhall crown that youth alone,
That ſaves himſelf and me."

" 'Tis done" he cry'd, " from thy dear ſide,
Now quickly I'll be gone;

From love we all to freedom fly,
  A ſlave to thoſe alone—
And when I come with laurels home,
  And all that freedom craves,
To crown my love your ſmiles ſhall prove,
  The fair rewards the brave."

Pity for Poor Africans.

I OWN I am ſhock'd at the purchaſe of ſlaves,
And fear thoſe who buy them and ſell them are knaves;
What I hear of their hardſhips, their tortures and groans,
Is almoſt enough to draw pity from ſtones.

I pity them greatly, but I muſt be mum,
For how could we do without ſugar and rum?
Eſpecially ſugar, ſo needful we ſee?
What! give up our deſerts, our coffee and tea!

Beſides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes'
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans will be multiply'd ſtill.

If foreigners likewiſe would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wiſh might be ſaid;
But, while they get riches by purchaſing blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not alſo go ſnacks?

Your ſcruples and arguments bring to my mind
A ſtory ſo pat, you may think it is coin'd
On purpoſe to anſwer you out of my mint;
But, I can aſſure you, I ſaw it in print.

A youngſter at ſchool, more ſedate than the reſt,
Had once his integrity put to the teſt ;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And aſk'd him to go and aſſiſt in the job.

He was ſhock'd, Sir, like you, and anſwer'd---
"O no !
What ! rob our good neighbour ! I pray you don't go ;
Beſides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they muſt be fed."

"You ſpeak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;
If you will go with us, you ſhall have a ſhare,
If not, you ſhall have neither apple nor pear."

They ſpoke, and Tom ponder'd---"I ſee they will go :
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him ſo !
Poor man ! I would ſave him his fruit if I could,
But ſtaying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropt from the tree ;
But, ſince they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He'll loſe none by me, though I get a few."

His ſcruples thus ſilenc'd, Tom felt more at eaſe,
And went with his comrades the apples to ſeize ;
He blam'd and proteſted, but join'd in the plan ;
He ſhar'd in the plunder, but pity'd the man.

SONG.

JOHN Bull for paſtime took a prance
Some time ago to peep at France,
To talk of ſciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monſieur obſequious heard him ſpeak,
And anſwer'd John in heathen Greek,
To all he aſk'd, 'bout all he ſaw
To all he aſk'd, 'bout all he ſaw,
'Twas Monſieur, je vous n'entends pas.

John to the Palais Royal come,
Its ſplendour almoſt ſtruck him dumb;
I ſay whoſe houſe is that there here?
Noſſe je vous n'entends pas, Monſieur.
What Nong tong paw, again cries John,
This fellow is ſome mighty Don.
No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
I'll breakfaſt with this Nong tong paw.

John ſaw Verſailles from Marlis' height,
And cried, aſtoniſhed at the ſight,
Whoſe fine eſtate is that there here?
Stat. Je vous n'entends pas Monſieur;
His, what the land and houſes too?
The fellow's richer than a jew;
On every thing he lays his claw;
I ſhould like to dine with Nong tong paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Ventch? je vous n'entends pas Monſieur.

What he again ? upon my life ;
A palace, lands, and then a wife.
Sir Joſhua might delight to draw :
I ſhould like to ſup with Nong tong paw.

But hold ! whoſe funeral's that ? cries John.
Je vous n'entends pas : what is he gone ?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not ſave
Poor Nong tong paw, then, from the grave :
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfaſt, dine, and ſup ;
But ſince he chooſes to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Monſieur Nong tong paw.

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